

THE CRAFTSMAN

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne"



THE PHILOSOPHY OF GARDENS: BY WALTER A. DYER
THE GROWING INDIVIDUALITY OF THE AMERICAN GARDEN
BEAUTY AND USE OF PERGOLAS IN AMERICAN GARDENS
RUSTIC FEATURES FOR LITTLE KITCHEN GARDENS
FORTY-ONE-WEST-THIRTY-FOURTH-STREET-NEW-YORK

CRAFTSMAN HOMES

BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

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THE CRAFTSMAN



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THE PHILOSOPHY OF GARDENS: BY WALTER A. DYER



HERE come times when one grows extremely weary of all this talk of economics, and sociology, and political corruption, and industrial crises, and national dangers, and all the big problems of nations and men in masses which perplex our great thinkers, create broad movements and inspire oratory. It is at such times that one wishes to steal away and walk in a quiet garden, between rows of sweet-scented box, and to sit in peace beneath the blossoming pear tree where none of the woes of men may enter. Someone must think of these things; they have to be worked out sometime. We must all think of them more or less, whether we will or no. But they can never possess the same power to soften the spirit and feed the soul that a quiet little garden has. There have always been big problems, since the world began; and always, since Eden, there have been gardens. The garden is the antithesis of war; it is the oasis in a desert of tribulation. Apparently God gave man gardens that his soul might not be consumed.

And yet there are plenty of people in this day and generation who see no sense in gardens—except, perhaps, for display. And many there are who make gardens with so little understanding that they might as well have none. There is a wealthy brewer who has his trade-mark done in foliage plants on the side of a smooth-clipped terrace, and who fatuously imagines that he has a garden. Doubtless he also fancies that his electric signs help to light the dark places of the earth.

What is a garden, anyway? It may be well to find out what we are talking about. A garden is an odd thing, when you think about it—simply growing things transplanted and arranged in a limited area. Why should it signify anything?

Many things seem odd when you come to analyze them. Have you ever tried reducing words to absurdities by repeating the syllables? Try it with home, or mother, or Galilee, or Hesperides. You can say the words over and over until they become mere sounds, and mean nothing; and yet you know that the words have always expressed something beautiful. It is so with music—merely sounds strung together in a way that somehow gives pleasure.

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It is so with flowers; you can pick a rose to pieces in a botanical laboratory until there is nothing left. It is so with poetry; study the component parts and you spoil it. It is so with gardens; if you would enjoy them, do not analyze too minutely. A garden is a thing in itself, like the firmament, and we can best understand it by learning to love it.

I offer this somewhat unsatisfactory explanation in apology for my ignorance of garden details, and also as a protest against a magnification of those details. In these days we are given, in magazines and books, a superabundance of information about horticulture, and I fear we are inclined—we Americans—to substitute horticulture for gardens. Of course, we must know how to plant sweet peas so that they will bloom; we must get our cosmos and chrysanthemums to maturity before frost. But why spoil the garden by making an exact science of it?

One attitude that I cannot sympathize with is that of the authority who writes of the right and wrong way to plant a garden. There is no right and wrong way, for no two gardens should be alike, and it is all a matter of experience. If the colors of phlox and petunias fail to harmonize, good taste and not rule-of-thumb will rectify the mistake.

An acquaintance of mine, whose mind has for years been wrapped up in business, took a place in a small town and proposed to plant flowers in front of his house. He had a vague notion of having a round bed of tulips in the exact center of each half of his lawn, and a row of cannas and scarlet sage along the veranda front. He was told that this was the wrong way. "Leave your lawn free from flower beds, and use a border of quieter plants," was the dictum. My acquaintance did not know why, and he never will know why until a feeling for beauty and harmony comes to direct his efforts. And no rules and regulations will ever teach him that.

NOT so did our forebears, in their old New England and Virginia gardens, learn to make things beautiful. There was something in the atmosphere in those stern old days that taught the trick. The old-fashioned garden was a sort of an antidote for blue-laws and Puritanism. Amid the sweet william and foxgloves and larkspur and bleeding heart and baby's breath and all the other lovely old flowers, men and women found relief from the harshness of life. The old garden restored the soul's equilibrium.

And for that reason I wish that we had more gardens today—not more knowledge of horticulture or landscape architecture, but

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more gardens—more little gardens, one for every home all over the land, in city and country alike.

There is much to be said for the Old World type of garden—Italian, French, or English—with its formal topiary work, its marble Psyche, its fountain, and its sun-dial. Such gardens breathe a spirit of romance. Ghosts of bygone lovers haunt arbor and gazebo—brave youths in doublet and hose, fair damsels in brocade and furbelow. But to create such a garden in a single generation is not possible. When we attempt it we usually fail; we build pergolas of bare poles, leading nowhere, but we do not make a garden. On the whole it is simpler and more effective to plant a garden of the English cottage type, or an old-fashioned garden after New England models. Only amid the live-oaks of South Carolina do we get an atmosphere like that of Italian yews and English beeches.

When I was a boy in a New England city, every yard had its garden. In ours there was a long arbor of Concord grapes—a sore temptation in October. There were four generous pear trees and a peach tree that sprang up of its own accord. There was a strawberry patch and a little sweet corn, and a row of currant bushes. There were gladioli and sweet peas and pansies and rose-bushes—ah, such roses! We let the bushes grow too large, perhaps, but we liked them that way. And in one corner there was a little garden of a little boy, where a fuchsia and a heliotrope, and coleus and petunias and geraniums and four o'clocks and portulacas grew side by side with peas and beans and a scraggy tomato vine. A silly little garden—but a garden!

And in the yard on the east were quinces and cherry trees and flowers, and on the west, apples and corn and flowers. Almost every yard had its fruit trees and currant bushes, its weigela and syringa shrubs. Somebody planted them. At one time it must have been the thing to plant fruit trees in the yard. Who, in our neat, highly developed, modern suburban towns ever plants a fruit tree in the yard? Who cares for a lilac bush beside the door? We have parks and parklike lawn arrangements, but they are not gardens.

Well, there are some people who do have gardens, and who love them. Perhaps there are more such people than ever before. We must not be pessimistic. There never was a time when so many garden books were bought and so many garden magazines read. Only I have a feeling that many of our modern gardens are artificial, and planted according to a formula. They look so painfully correct, like those suburban towns which have been laid out in restricted plots by development companies. They are the product of an age of hurry.

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WE MUST be content to let our gardens grow. We must begin at once, and then we must be patient.

When I plant the garden of my dreams, I propose to follow no formal school. I shall plant annuals, for the sake of their bountiful if short-lived beauty. I shall plant asters because they please me, whether the pink and lavender and white and purple conform to the best canons of color harmony or not. I know of no pink so heavenly as the pink of China asters. Nasturtiums I shall have in great profusion, and corn flowers, and sweet peas for picking.

I shall plant the old-fashioned hardy perennials, because I am foolishly attached to the things of my fathers, and because there is no blue like the blue of larkspur.

I shall plant roses, because they approach as near to perfection as anything I expect to find on earth.

I shall plant trees—not short-lived poplars, not purple beeches or grotesque lawn specimens, but honest Norway maples, white pines, white oaks, and elms—because I shall then be adding a mite to the permanent glory of nature.

I shall plant box, if I live south of the latitude of Hartford, for though I shall never live to gaze upon its century-old grandeur, I shall feel that I am repaying in some slight degree the great debt bequeathed to me.

A garden, I am convinced, is eminently worth while. It pays dividends in spiritual currency. This truth is not to be proved by argument; it is to be learned by experience. A garden is not a great matter, perhaps, but it is one of the most palatable ingredients of the life-worth-living. It is one of those little touches which help to blend the more garish colors in life's tapestry.

The Spectator wrote thus: "You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think that the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind."

And above and beyond the good to be derived from communion with the spirit of a garden is that obtained from working in it. Getting down close to Mother Earth and helping things to grow—therein lies an education. I care not whether it be rhododendrons

TRUTH

or forget-me-nots, espalier fruits or cabbages, it is the *process* that counts. A moral lesson lurks in the very act of casting out the tares, in making the selection between the desirable and the undesirable, and then acting on the knowledge.

It is a pity that so many of us in these days live a migratory existence in rented houses, even in the smaller towns and villages. We do not stay anywhere long enough to strike our roots into the soil. But some of us unfortunates there be who hold fast the vision of a cozy home and a garden, where the crocuses come to hail the Spring, where hollyhocks and wistaria flaunt their gay banners in summer, where golden artemesias battle with the early frosts—a garden of our own making, where we are kings and queens in a court of regal pomp, and where the bees and humming-birds share our wealth but rob us not.

"I never had," writes Abraham Cowley, "any other desire so strong, and so like Covetousness, as that one which I have always had that I might be Master at last of a small house and a large Garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life to the culture of them, and the study of Nature."

Meanwhile, let us go forth and plant a tree.

TRUTH

HE WAS seated at a big table, covered with the latest books and magazines. On one side was a huge pile of discarded literature; on the other, a small heap of tiny clippings; and he held a large pair of scissors in his hand.

"Pardon me," I said, "but what are you doing?"

"Sorting," he replied.

"But why?"

"It amuses me," he said sadly, clipping a short paragraph from a solid page of print.

"Tell me," I persisted, "what do you put in the large heap?"

"Mere cleverness," he answered.

"And the small one?"

"Truth."

ELLA M. WARE.

WINSLOW HOMER, AMERICAN PAINTER: AN APPRECIATION FROM A SEA-GOING VIEW-POINT: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



THE tree rises from a small seed, it takes root; a tender sapling springs up, slowly it grows toward the heavens and becomes in years a great crowning tree. Like a tree grows a nation's art. Every country which can show an art of its own, original and reflective of its people, has seen this art develop from the foundations laid by its own primitive painters. Thus comes a national school of painting. America being a newer country had no primitives. Its art grew from a grafted tree; it had no seed of its own. Transplanted, our art received its nourishment from abroad. It became in the sixties the fashion; the necessity almost, for American students to go abroad. To Rome, Düsseldorf and Paris—not the Paris of sunlight and awakened impressionism, but to the classicism of the Beaux Arts flocked the art student. He was made to absorb the "Mutter Glück" point of view of Düsseldorf and the bitumen of Piloty. "Abroad!" was the cry. "When are you going?" "This spring! Lucky boy!" Away from the dinginess of the cities; away from the "barren foot-hills, the rivers and the bleak mountains." There was nothing to paint in America, no motives, there was no "tone," no harmony, everything was hard, unpleasant and poor. But some of the students having neither the fare nor the inclination stayed home in the barbaric country and began to look around. Among these heretics was Winslow Homer.

You know the clown in the circus and how he apes other performers, stumbles and hits his nose. The same in paint. Because Munkaczy painted brown soup we served it hot here. We imitated Millet and his peasants, Mauve's sheep; and because Israels delighted in painting the young mothers of the Dutch, the blue cradle and its infant were done over here in the studios even of Fourteenth Street. Today the lure of the spangles of the Spanish bull-fighters attracts our painters from the Navajos and the Pueblos whose vanishing race is being recorded not by the painter, as it should be, but by the photographer.

The atmosphere in Homer's day was the same, only the setting was different. He fled from the imitations to live by himself. And living by himself he painted his pictures to suit himself, and not the buyers, and his physical and mental independence, strong as a rock, became the very foundation of his art. Uncouth as the average American is in his honesty, so is Homer. His sincerity gave him an almost religious respect for nature, and his frankness of

XUM

WINSLOW HOMER: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

expression came with his New England blood. Alone with ocean he lived his own life, painting the things as he saw them. The meaningless smirk of the day, the cliquey prattle of the studio, meant nothing to him.

WINSLOW HOMER'S art is not one which appeals to the cliff-dwellers of the great cities. His is the out-of-door man's. Intense, full of brute strength, the power of the sea which smites the rock is behind his brush. There is no compromise, a plain statement, the right expression for his own idea, that grand line of honest endeavor which runs through all his art. The great and simple feeling within demanded its outlet, and pushed him on toward the monumental. He glorified the toilers of the sea, and in paint sang the saga of the mighty ocean. It was his religion, a simple man's devout appreciation of the forces of nature, his expression of his own love for the open.

He understood the rhythm of moving water. With the exception of Zorn (in his early water colors), Homer is the only one who has painted water so that it looks liquid. Few marines have the feeling that the water is wet. Wonderful paint has been produced, the architecture of the moving billow has been rendered with all essential accuracy, but Homer stands above all his kind as one who has made paint represent water, transparent, translucent, and yet having weight and force.

Have you ever been on the rolling Atlantic in a dory or a small boat? If you have you will understand Homer's "Moon Kiss." You are in an open boat gripping the gunwale tight, the men at the oars bending their bodies are straining every muscle to the highest pitch. Your craft pivots on a rising comber, the gray sea breaks into an iridescent green, the spindrift smites your cheek, your wet oilskins sparkle under the evening light. You seem to look out over the whole ocean, your ship is ahead, her sails flapping in the wind; there is a slanting light on the horizon; right under your feet is an inclining abyss of rolling water—you shoot down as on a scenic railway, the sea before you is a moving mountain ready to fall on you, yet your dory rides over without bailing. Right above the crest of a sea you see the sunlit heads of another dory crew, above the scraggly outlines of a wave rise their bodies cut off like the figures in a Punch and Judy show. The sun has melted their features into burnished gold; clean, powerful faces, like from a Meunier bronze. A dull moon rises above the receding seas. And such is Homer's "Moon Kiss," a powerful rendering of the open sea, of the perils of the deep, of sailor man's trust in the Almighty. It is an-

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WINSLOW HOMER: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

other of Homer's truths. Homer realized that between the heaving seas lies their trough, and he delighted to show parts of boats and men projecting above an edging sea. This was a new note in marine painting. Few understood the "Moon Kiss." The effete connoisseurs and their echoing critics failed to see its fineness. It was a freak, they had only seen the ocean from a steamer chair and over the rim of the bouillon cup. Homer was wounded. He expressed his opinions forcibly, but not overpolitely.

WE HAVE Homer's tropical water colors because the good people of Scarboro found that the painter made an excellent juror. To escape this perennial duty Homer went South and wintered throughout the Caribbean. His water colors, not masterly, in the sense of the cleverness of a Fortuny, gave a clear insight into the simplicity of his artistic character. An oil can be "fussed," but the water color not; and his water-color sketches are marvels of crispness and directness. The limpid color of the West Indies affected his palette; it became gayer, livelier. Because of his sojourn in Key West he painted his "Gulf Stream," that gruesome chapter in the life of the poor Conch who, his craft wrecked by the hurricane, mastless,—his sugar-cane almost gone, is to perish from starvation under the watching eyes of the following sharks. To the dandified this picture was another shock, it was called a story-picture, an illustration. But to those who knew the dangers of the Gulf Stream and its thrashing turmoil against wind and wave, his painting came like a truism. Superb in color, splendid in its fine paint, it is a great canvas.

Some painters have understood the dignity of labor and painted it. Millet,—look at his "Sower." Brangwyn found that the torso of the worker was beautiful. Meunier, the mighty modeler of powerful humans, glorified the greatness of labor. So did Winslow Homer. His work viewed in its ensemble, appears like a new hymn to the sea, a hymn in praise of work, of the toil of the fisher working in his frail dory against the pressing sea—covered with spray, tired but not beaten, trusting to God,—keeping a weather eye on the rising fog-bank.

Homer's art is not of dreamy compassion, but of manly power, the beauty of man strong in will and muscle fighting the elements. Yes, a hymn to the sea. Look at "All's Well." Man, if you ever sailed even one of the seven seas or spent the hours of night listening to its angry roar you would know the real meaning of the lookout's drawling,—"All's Well." Fighting the seas for a livelihood, combating the powers of the wind, maybe escaping a lee shore by



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"ALL'S WELL": WINS-
LOW HOMER, PAINTER.



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"HARVEST SCENE"; WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.



"THE FOG WARNING":
WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.



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LOW HOMER, PAINTER.



"THE TORNADO—BAHAMAS":
WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.



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"THE MOON KISS": WINS-
LOW HOMER, PAINTER.

WINSLOW HOMER: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

a ship's length, the sailor man is religious. His religion is not of established churches, it is bred in the caves of the winds, on the yard arm in the "roaring forties," or in a dory in a snow squall on the Grand Banks with the fingers frozen to the oars, the dory-mate limp in the stern—when death is close by, but a higher being seems to push it aside. All *that* is written in the face of the lookout in Homer's "All's Well." All hands but the watch and the helmsman are asleep, the running lights are burning brightly, the stars shining, the seas move slowly, rhythmically; the old sea dog strikes the bell, holds up his weather-beaten hand—it is "all's well," safety is ahead. This is Homer's greatest canvas, a true epic of the sea.

WINSLOW HOMER lived by himself on the rocks of Maine at Prout's Neck, Scarboro; his studio was right above the rollers of the Atlantic and he painted with the thundering voice of the sea in his ears. His life was that of a recluse; not that he hated humanity, but the sea breeds silence. He had little intercourse with the artistic world. Occasionally he would drift down New York way, but not often. Those who came as pilgrims to his shrine were told to go,—“I don't like art students,” he said, and among those he seemed to class some of the best of painters.

On this rocky crag he lived nearly twenty years, cooked his own meals, did his own chores; not because he had to, but he liked solitude. It gave him time to think, to observe the moving sea, the play of the sun, the flutter of the gull's wings. He painted what he saw, his own surroundings. Always a realist, he had depicted the scenes of his earlier life with the army in the Civil War. Returning to his native heath he began to paint the sea, and coming to Gloucester, living on a small island with the folks of the lighthouse, he learned to know the ocean in all its moods. The fearless fishers of Gloucester, those splendid vikings of seine and trawl became his subjects. It was personal with him, he painted them because he respected them. Nor did he look upon the robust wives of the fishermen as “natives”; to him they were humans in the drama of the sea, those who staid at home and suffered in silence when the toll of the deep had been paid.

Grandly Homer saw the big things. The sweep of the ocean was big, so was his mind, and to him the strong expression of an idea was sufficient. His figures, austere, virile, solid flesh, look as if they had sprung from his hands in one “go.” Hence the powerful grandeur of “All's Well.” As simple as his themes were his compositions; the latest style in technique meant nothing to him. He saw things big, he had something of his own to say, and his ways shaped them-

THE APPARITION

selves. He sang the song of the sea and of his own land, an American always. Undoubtedly he was the greatest of marine painters. Had he followed the examples of Whistler and Sargent and gone to live abroad, great honors, even wealth might have been his. He chose to live his own life among his own people, more or less obscure, known to the select few, alone on his rocks, alone with the ocean before him. He had always been a big painter, and yet we have waited until he was gone to give his art the national appreciation which it was practically without during the master's life.

THE APPARITION

“DEAD man, why dost thou come to me
Hurrying through the gloom?
What bearest thou of mystery
From out thine opened tomb?”

“Brother, I bring thee news of peace—
I greet thee with a song:
Thou shalt from sin have sweet release;
Thou shalt grow pure and strong.”

“Dead man, thy face is like the face
Of Christ upon the cross:
I see thy thorn-crown in its place;
I see thy wounds of loss.”

“Yea, brother mine, for thee I died;
But from the grave of pelf
Behold, I come all purified—
I am thy risen self!”

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

YOUTH: BY ELLA M. WARE



LONG the road that many feet and many hearts have traveled, Youth and Age fared forth together. To Age the way was tenderly familiar. Each landmark, as they passed, touched into sudden vividness some half-forgotten scene; for many years ago he had traveled that same road—but with a lighter step and quicker pulse than now. To Youth the path was full of wonders. Never was earth more beautiful, or sky more clear! All the world seemed thrilling with a secret promise,—a promise that Summer, the rich, the lavish, should fulfil. Green lay the meadows round them and dim stood the woods beyond; in the air was the breath of flowers, the song of birds, the ripple of water and the happy hum of insects in the grass. And far off, in the distance, against the pale background of the hills, gleamed the shining roofs of the great city—the City of the World!

As they walked, Youth spoke of all his hopes, his dreams and his ambitions; of the things he would accomplish, of the wonders he would see. For soon—so soon!—all that he had wished for would be realized. Life was before him, life with its field of opportunity! The future was a treasurehouse, to which his young strength held the key!

And Age listened—though he did not need to, for it was all so familiar! Had he not dreamed the same dreams and hoped the same hopes—how many years ago? He listened,—cynical at times, though he did not voice his cynicism; and at times sympathetic, as the eager tones rekindled in his veins the old desires. And now and then he would grow reminiscent, and speak of things and places he had seen, and of the many lessons life had taught him—with here and there a word of warning or advice to the young soul just starting on the pilgrimage which he himself had made so long ago. But Youth would grow impatient and interrupt. He did not care to listen,—he preferred to talk. And Age would smile quietly and lapse into silence again.

They came at last to where a stream with swollen waters blocked the way. The banks were steep and treacherous, the current strong. A fallen tree-trunk, charred relic of some forgotten storm, spanned the miniature river and for many years had served as bridge, but the heavy rains had loosened the ground on which it rested, and the splashing water had made the bark wet and slippery to the tread.

“Come,” said Age. “There is a better bridge a little distance around the bend.”

But Youth shook his head and laughed. “I am not afraid,” he said. “Go around the other way, if you insist; I shall cross here.” And he stepped on—gaily at first, then cautiously, for it was less easy than he had thought.

YOUTH

"Come back!" cried Age. "Come back, it is too dangerous." But Youth would not listen.

He took a few steps more along the fallen trunk; then suddenly lost his balance—slipped—and fell. He caught hold of the log and clung there, while Age leaned forward and helped him with some difficulty to regain the bank. Then they walked slowly down the stream and crossed the safer bridge. They did not speak. Age had no wish to emphasize the obvious moral, and as for Youth, he was bruised in that most sensitive part—his dignity. Therefore he wrapped himself somewhat closer in the disheveled mantle of his self-esteem, and strode on sullenly, with chin a trifle higher than was needful, by way of intimation that he did not care. But soon the soft spring air, the sunlight, the pleasures of the unknown road, melted the armor of his discontent and bathed his wounded pride; and by the time the next bend in the road had unfolded, the hurt was healed.

When noontime came, and the high sun, hung midway in his journey, seemed to pause, the travelers rested beneath the purple shadows of a tree and shared their simple fare. Then Youth, content for once to listen, heard from the lips of Age strange stories of the World in which he was so soon to play a part; stories full of a most entrancing interest, and yet not wholly delightful, for they were saddened with a certain cynicism, and told with the air of one who tries to disillusion gently.

But it would take more than the words of Age to disillusion Youth! Safe in the fortress of his own imagination, he smiled his confidence upon each kindly effort to bring his fancies to a more prosaic level and break the inevitable shock to his ideals. So hopeful was he, so serenely buoyant in his own sweet ignorance, that Age had not the heart to sour his expectations with too large a tincture of his own experience.

"One thing forget not, though," he told him, as they rose refreshed and took the road once more. "Let Truth be your only goddess. Never forsake her, no matter how few may seem her worshipers."

"I shall remember," Youth made answer softly. "Every day my flowers will be upon her altar, and as I lay them there my thoughts will be of you. Truth!" he murmured. "Truth—the great white goddess! Truth, with the all-seeing eyes! I shall know her, for her robe will be of spotless white and her sandals of the purest gold. Her Temple will be the fairest marble in the City, and her altar higher than any altar in the World!"

Age smiled sadly. "I would it were," he said. "But so it is not—yet. Truth is not yet acknowledged the supreme goddess. Her temple still is void of marble, and her altar is not yet builded high.

YOUTH

Perhaps you will not even recognize her when first she greets you, for her robe is soiled and darkened with its earthly contact, and the golden sandals on her feet are often brown with mire. But you will know her—you will know her; for in her eyes there is a Light Divine!"

And Youth wondered at his words.

So passed the day, and always the City roofs drew nearer, growing more wonderful, more strange and more fantastic as they approached. At last the gates were reached; the time had come to say good-bye. For each must live his own life now, and henceforth their roads would lie apart.

But even the little pang of parting could not dim the joyousness of Youth.

"Life has begun at last!" he cried. "For this is living—to know the surging City waits me, with its myriad souls, its pleasures, its duties, its glories, its endless wealth of opportunity! Do you not feel?—the very air is full of magic! See—see how the faces of the crowd are tense with eagerness! Watch how they hurry to and fro! And the women—were ever eyes more bright, faces more fair? Yes, this is Life! What joy, what happiness, it holds for me—the City of the World!"

Age smiled, tenderly, wistfully.

"So once," he said, "thought I."

But Youth did not hear. From a balcony a little height above them a pair of laughing eyes had caught his own. A glance, a whisper, a moment's hesitation, and then through the air something was tossed—a single flower! He caught it midway, with a quick, glad gesture and a little cry.

"A rose—a red, red rose!" he murmured. "The flower of Love! Ah! I shall keep it always!" And he crushed its petals with a kiss.

Age stood by, mutely, in a vague bewilderment,—then sighed and opened his lips as though to speak. But the words would not come. How could he say: "That, too, will fade"?

He turned away.

IT WAS growing dark. Beside the flickering shadows on the hearth sat Age, wrapt in the folds of many memories, watching with dreaming eyes the embers of a dying fire.

A sudden gust of night air filled the room, and someone entered, flinging a heavy bundle on the floor. It was Youth—but Youth no longer young. The dust of travel was upon his clothes, and on his brow the lines that Time and Life had written. A soldier's strength was in his limbs, though for the moment he was weary and glad to rest; for the world had been no playground, to him.

YOUTH

"So, you are home again," Age murmured kindly. "And did you find them—the things you sought? Truth—Love—Happiness?"

The other smiled strangely and gazed into the fire.

"I hardly know," he said at last. "It has all been so different—so very different—from what I thought." And he paused and shaded his eyes with his hand.

Age nodded. "I know," he said softly.

For a little while there was silence. The dying flames leaped up and painted quivering pictures on the hearth and walls. Then, suddenly, he who had once been young, turned with a laugh to where his bundle lay.

"But see!" he said, unfolding eagerly the dusty wrappings. "See what I have gathered by the road! In this one thing at least I am rich: I have gained Experience!"

Age watched him as he spread his motley treasures on the floor. Strange trophies brought from many battlegrounds, relics of travel, symbols of a life half-spent. One by one he fingered them over; tenderly, proudly, sadly. For some were filled with echoes of a wondrous sweetness, and others blackened with a stern remorse.

"Yes, these at least are mine," he repeated slowly, "and to me they mean much. To others—" he paused; then suddenly his eyes lit up. He sprang to his feet.

"Ah!" he cried. "To others, too, they shall mean something! With these, so dearly purchased, I will enrich the lives of those who are to come. By this stained map of knowledge, wrought in such hardship, they shall be guided through the maze of life. The evils I have conquered shall give them courage. The errors I have made shall show them what they should avoid. I will warn them where the hidden dangers lurk, and teach them how to find the paths of peace. They shall learn wisdom from my mistakes, and become strong through my sufferings. This, this shall be my legacy—this will I bequeath them—my Experience!"

Faintly Age smiled.

"So, once," he said, "thought I."

THE REASON OF OUR TOIL



HE swift days pass us by as we labor, we twain who
are mates,

He in his way, I in my way, but both faithfully:

The awakening sunlight brightens the aspect of his
work

And shines a stimulus to my newly roused courage.

Eventide brings a benediction when we are spent with
activity. Why this early rising and strong toiling?

One answers that it is for bread and shelter, the right to live,

And another that it is to gratify ambitious desires,

And still another answers that the lover works for the lover and the
mate for the mate, by natural law.

They believe that the wheels of our factories spin busily for one, or
for the other one of two.

Something these reasons may add to the sum of the answer,

But they are not the answer complete and conclusive.

In the beginning the answer was born of a man and of a woman,

And the answer was a child.

For the child and because of the child were homes first built,

Were the animals subjugated and tamed, made to yield clothing and
food:

Were the fields first tilled with rude faith.

For the child and because of the child were all the arts developed,

Were civilizations brought to birth and institutions made powerful
among all races.

For the child and because of the child, today, do the logs, chained
and guarded, float placidly down our rivers from town to town.

Do the ore boats wait at the long docks for their cargo,

Do the skyscrapers climb higher and higher into the skies above our
cities.

For the child are market and bank, telephone and telegraph, post office
and exchange, as truly as the candy store on the corner.

For the child exist all personalities, poets and artists, lawyers, doc-
tors and practical workers, heroes and redeemers, and without the
child their effort would be foolishness,

Since in the child is the future.

It is for the child yet unborn that we labor, my beloved and I, he in
his way, and I in mine.

Our tired hands shall be rested in the clutch and cling of little fingers.

For this our strife and our longing,

Our early rising to grapple stern conditions.

For this labor all men and women loving and sane.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

KARL MOON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THE INDIAN OF TODAY: BY WARD JEROME



WITHOUT intimate acquaintance and exhaustive observation it is impossible to obtain true conceptions of our North American aborigines. Few men have had the talent, coupled with opportunity, successfully to portray the particular characteristics of the Indian of the Southwest, whose home embraces the almost inaccessible regions beyond the confines of civilization.

The serious study of these primitive races requires not only technical ability of a rare order, but also considerable courage and endurance to withstand dangers and hardships not encountered while pursuing other studies of nature.

Although yet a young man, Karl Moon has made for himself a record in the art world as a truthful delineator of this vanishing race. Close contact, constant opportunity and incessant study, together with great natural powers of observation, have combined to give Mr. Moon excellent qualifications for his chosen work. Ever aiming to be true to his idea of the simple life of the Indian, his portrayals show wonderful knowledge of his environment and characteristics.

In his studies of Indian heads he probably displays his greatest skill as an artist. They are remarkable for originality and forcefulness, revealing in every light, shade and expression the touch of one who has been a long-time student of serious portraiture. To be able to place a true valuation on this branch of his work one must pause to consider the numerous difficulties encountered in attempting to make artistic as well as natural portraits of these people in their own country. To give all the quality of a studio lighting in the portrait study of an old Apache, taken in the open, over one hundred miles from the borders of real civilization, presents a most difficult problem. The portrait which he calls "The Last of the Council" is an excellent example of his ability to overcome this difficulty.

It seems to be the popular belief that the Indian of this generation has the same romantic disposition and warlike tendency of bygone days. It is a much-deplored fact, however, that he is rapidly degenerating before the advance of the white settler, and in accord with those laws of Nature governing the "survival of the fittest," will so continue to degenerate until his identity is lost.

SIX years of close acquaintance with the various tribes of the Southwest has not caused Mr. Moon to pose as a sentimental admirer of the godlike qualities so often erroneously attributed to the Indian of *this century*. He readily distinguishes the false from the true. The refinedly critical blending of the romantic with the



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A NAVAJO BOY: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.



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"OF THE TRIBE OF THE TAOS": A STRONG
TYPE OF NORTH PUEBLO INDIAN: FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.



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"ANTONIO," A NAVAJO YOUTH
OF THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE. FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.



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"WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL": FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.



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"NEARING THE END OF THE TRAIL":
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.



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"THE LAST OF THE COUNCIL": AN OLD WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.

KARL MOON'S INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS

commonplace facts, as he sees them, is an art he seeks to make peculiarly his own. The beholder is strikingly impressed with a sense of poetic beauty rising above the ordinary and identifying itself with the tribal traditions of past centuries. A particularly apt example of the rational conception he strives to illustrate in embodying the spirit of the past with the material facts of the present is to be seen in his photograph "Nearing the End of the Trail."

Of this study, the *Washington Herald* says: "It is a picture that suggests Millet in its atmospheric quality, and it has a poetical significance, too, for it is plain to be seen that the figure is nearing the end of two trails—not alone the trail that leads to the end of her material journey, but the trail of life also."

At the invitation of President Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, an exhibit of Mr. Moon's studies was recently held in New York. He also had exhibits at the new National Museum in Washington, D. C. The Astor Library, New York, has a collection of his studies and private collectors have long recognized the value of these photographic records.

Commenting on his work from an ethnological standpoint the *New York Sun* says—"A man who is so artistic and so persistently studious in the photographing of these primitive people can scarcely help becoming something of an ethnologist, so much of a one indeed that professional ethnologists welcome his work as an aid to their own."

Aside from historical interest there is always present that spirit of romance so mysteriously woven about the lives of these people and to which every critical observer pays homage.

Mr. Moon took up the study of oil colors that he might get nearer the painting quality in his photographic studies, thus giving to them the finished effect of authentic paintings. His oil work is done upon the prepared prints; the treatment is broad, rough and free, giving a refined combination of photographically accurate drawing and clear coloring. His color work is not to be compared, however, with his photographic prints, yet undoubtedly his determination to perfect this method of coloring will eventually result in very artistic productions. He believes that accurately colored photographs in the permanent oil medium must have a greater ethnological and historical value for the coming generation, after the Indian has lost his identity in the oncoming wave of civilization, than will the monotone prints.

A marked characteristic of his work is the absence of all evidence of the white man. His constant endeavor to be logically accurate bears out his remark that he "wishes to make pictures that will not only live but also be of practical value to the students in generations

KARL MOON'S INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS

to come, who will have to depend largely upon the pictorial records that are being made today.

Mr. Moon began his Indian work at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in nineteen hundred and four, coming into the Southwest after six years' experience in portrait photography in some of the largest studios of the East. He later removed to Grand Canyon, Arizona, in the very heart of the Indian country, and where at the present writing he has his studio. In his field work he goes unaccompanied and carries nothing but necessary working material—his cameras and a small pack outfit comprising his entire equipment.

Of difficulties to overcome and hardships to endure we will say little. Suffice it to remark that the noticeable cheerfulness and optimism predominating in Mr. Moon's interesting personality are sufficient to carry him over all obstacles in the way of success for his art.

It has been his good fortune while in Grand Canyon to be able to place his work under the critical observation of the many eminent artists and connoisseurs who often visit this picturesque spot. The manifold advantages to be acquired from their discriminating criticism and prudent counsel are self-evident.

Modest and unassuming, cheerful and buoyant, Mr. Moon's personality is everywhere evident in his work. Simplicity and force of character, free from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity, emphatically marks his art of creating pictures that present clearly to the eye the beauty and symmetry that is sought through camera and brush. Seen from a purely ethnological point of view his photographic studies are of inestimable and permanent value to scientific research.



PERGOLAS IN AMERICAN GARDENS



WHATEVER connects a house with out of doors, whether vines or flowers, piazza or pergola, it is to be welcomed in the scheme of modern home-making. We need outdoor life in this country; we need it inherently, because it is the normal thing for all people, and we need it specifically as a nation, because we are an overwrought people, too eager about everything except peace and contentment. I wonder if anyone reading this article has ever in life received the following invitation, "Will you come and sit in my garden with me this afternoon?" I doubt it very much, at least in America. In England this would happen, or in Italy, and I think in Bavaria the people rest in their gardens at the close of the day and grow strong and peaceful with the odor of flowers about them, and the songs of birds. In a garden the silence teaches the restless spirit peace, and Nature broods over man and heals the wounds of the busy world. In essence a garden is a companion, a physician, a philosopher. It is equally the place for the happy, the sorrowing, for the successful, for the despondent.

And so here in America of all things we need gardens, and we must so plan our gardens that we shall live in them, and we must have in them our favorite flowers, long pathways of them, which lead us from gate to doorstep, and we must enter our gateway under fragrant bowers. We must build up arbors for our fruit, rustic shelter for our children, and above all these things, our garden, which should be our outdoor home, must surely have a pergola, a living place outdoors that is beautiful in construction, that is draped in vines, that gives us green walls to live within, that has a ceiling of tangled leaves and flowers blowing in the wind, a glimpse of blue sky through open spaces and sunshine pouring over us when the leaves move.

With a pergola in the garden you can no more escape living out of doors than you can avoid swimming in the sea if you happily chance to be living on the edge of the ocean. A pergola focuses your garden life. It is like a fireplace in a living room; it is the spirit of the outdoor environment held in one place to welcome you. It is essentially a place in which to rest, or to play or to do quiet domestic tasks; it is the outdoor home for children, for old folks, a spot in which to dream waking dreams or to sleep happily, or best of all, for romance. For a pergola is a wonderfully inspiring spot in twilight, or when moonlit.

This outdoor living place is suited equally to any landscape or climate. It can be adjusted to any kind of architecture. It can be built directly with the house, a part of the architectural scheme, as

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in the original Italian pergolas, or it may be half-hidden at the end of a garden or creeping along the edge of the woods. It may convert a path into a cloister or a grape arbor into a summer house. It has many traditions but no formal rules.

It has been used as a triumphant architectural feature in a modern country house; on the other hand, as in one of the illustrations, it gracefully hides a group of unbeautiful farm buildings. It may lead to a beautiful garden or out to a wonderful view, or it may be the culmination of the garden scheme and furnish the only vista of which limited grounds are capable. It epitomizes modern outdoor life, and its beauty is through simplicity of construction and intimacy with Nature. A pergola inevitably means good simple lines of construction, beautified with vines, hidden with fruit or flowers, and with sunlight in splashes on the furniture and floor.

AS WE have already said, in construction a pergola may relate closely to the architecture of the house, or on the other hand it may suggest an ornamental addition of a later date and be developed in materials different from the house, or it may bear no relation whatever to the house construction. The adobe pergola is a fascinating feature of many of the Pacific Slope houses; yet one often sees the adobe house with a pergola or pergola porch of redwood, designed on straight lines with Japanese effect. In New England and on Long Island the pergola with brick supports and wooden overhead beams is most usual, while out in New Jersey more often you find the pergola used in place of a porch, possibly a new feature of a quaint old house, and built of ordinary lumber, just as one would construct a trellis or a fruit arbor.

As a matter of fact, a pergola attached to the house is an ideal substitute for a piazza. This is especially true where there is the slightest tendency for the rooms to be somewhat dark, as it affords a decorative finish to the house, a charming resting place, a picturesque opportunity for vines and yet permits all possible sunlight to reach the windows.

In one of the illustrations in this article the cement supports of the pergola are topped with rustic poles heavily draped with vines, and the effect is most picturesque. In fact, an entire rustic pergola is charming in an informal simple garden. It has, however, the drawback of not being as free from insects and dampness as the concrete structures.

As for the pergola "drapery," there is seemingly no limit to the beautiful things which the concrete or stone or brick columns will support. In the Far West some of the most beautiful pergolas are



Oswald C. Hering, Architect.

A DOUBLE PERGOLA, VINE-COVERED AND ROSE-GROWN. THE OVERHEAD POLES OF THE PERGOLA ARE OF CEDAR, AND THEIR RUSTIC EFFECT IS IN KEEPING WITH THE PLANTING SCHEME AND IN PLEASING CONTRAST TO THE FORMAL LINES OF THE HALF-TIMBER OF THE HOUSE FROM WHOSE PORCH THE PERGOLA STRETCHES FORTH.



Alfred Hopkins, Architect.

SHOWING THE USE OF PERGOLAS TO HIDE IN A PICTURESQUE FASHION THE OUTBUILDINGS OF A FARM. THIS PICTURE IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE PERGOLAS AT THE STETSON FARMS, STERLINGTON, N.Y.



Edward Shepard Hewitt, Architect.

A PERGOLA-ARBOR, SHOWING AN INTERESTING APPLICATION OF THE PERGOLA IDEA TO THE OLD-FASHIONED GRAPE ARBOR, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE MORE SIMPLE TYPE OF COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE.



Albro and Lindeberg, Architects.

A PERGOLA-PORCH ON A COUNTRY HOUSE AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND: THE PERGOLA PORCH IS RAPIDLY TAKING THE PLACE OF THE OLD-TIME PIAZZA.

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almost bowers of tea roses, intertwined with wistaria and monthly honeysuckle. In the East it is necessary to use the hardier roses, the Ramblers in different hues, white and red and pink. Wistaria is also one of the most attractive pergola vines when combined with others of the more hardy foliage and later bloom. It is difficult to get the monthly blooming honeysuckle in the East, but nothing is more graceful as a pergola covering where it can be secured. Through the North, ivy, bittersweet, clematis and woodbine are all satisfactory, and nothing is more delightful than a pergola covered with grape-vines, where the location and latitude are suitable, for the bloom of the grape is ineffable in the spring, the foliage is heavy through the summer and the fragrance and color of the fruit delicious in the fall. It is always wise to plant about a pergola from two to four kinds of flower-bearing or fruit-bearing vines, so that each season will have its fragrance and color. It is also interesting to plant rows of shrubs at the foot of the supports and between the supports, that the whole structure may be more intimately connected with the ground.

Some pergolas are completely hidden by vines festooned from pillar to pillar; this is especially satisfactory in very hot climates. While others have vines twining only about the pillars with adequate protection overhead. This is by far the more classical and intrinsically beautiful method of treating a pergola. It has the disadvantage however of leaving the inner portion of the pergola a little less restful and homelike than when curtained by vines and shrubs.

For the newly built pergola there are many quick-growing vines which will give it a green and cheerful effect the first season,—morning-glories, scarlet runners, clematis, with castor beans at the entrance and geraniums at the sides and you have by July the effect of many years' growth.

It is an excellent idea to plan a pergola with built-in seats at the sides and with rustic permanent tables, also with rough flooring for damp days. The joy of this garden feature is its livableness, to get the full satisfaction of which it must be a convenient homelike place for reading, sewing, afternoon tea, children's games. And of all things it should be the ideal spot for the writer or for the student, for working out of doors means working with health, and as a health-giving feature the properly constructed, properly draped pergola is second only to that other most wholesome development of modern building, the outdoor sleeping porch.

The pole pergola is a sort of pergola that is especially adapted to rustic surroundings, and many a restored cottage on abandoned

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farms has been made lovely by the introduction of such a feature, the poles having been cut from woodlot saplings. Even where all the materials had to be purchased,—cedar posts, plants, and the labor counted in, twelve or fifteen dollars, depending upon locality,—would be fully sufficient to cover the whole cost.

The pergola-arbor illustrated on page thirty-seven is from the cottage of Mr. Frederick C. Keppel at Montrose, New York, designed by Edward Shepard Hewitt. For a pergola-arbor of this sort there could be no lovelier covering than the wild-grape, or the wild clematis, and, again, the kudzu vine, which comes to us from Japan and is found to be perfectly hardy everywhere, will, by reason of its extraordinarily rapid growth and luxuriant foliage of enormous rich green leaves prove especially useful where a quick effect is desired.

The illustration of a pergola porch on a country house at East Hampton, Long Island, exhibits another form of the pergola which requires far more restraint in planting, as it is intended that it should, itself, stand forth as an architectural feature, hence the vine-growth here will never be permitted to completely obscure the design of its support. The two great jars of terra-cotta add striking notes to the pergola and make this, in design, a successful house approach.

The pergola illustrated on page thirty-six is one connected with the outbuildings on the Stetson Farms, Sterlington, New York, designed by Alfred Hopkins. Here has been presented the problem of making the pergola serve, not only as a screen, but as a support for an overhead cartage rail which serves to facilitate the removal of stable litter expeditiously, neatly and hidden from observation. Ultimately the planting here will form a complete screen, not only in summer, but in winter.



A PERGOLA PORCH WITH GRAPE VINES.

"NATOMA," AN AMERICAN OPERA: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



WHEN Victor Herbert's opera "Natoma" was given in Philadelphia on February twenty-fifth, it marked the first production of a full-length American opera since Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" was given in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. The New York première took place on February twenty-eighth. Both performances were given by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. "The Pipe of Desire," a one-act opera by Frederick Converse, produced last year, was the first American opera to have a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House. It did not, however, create much impression. "Twilight," another one-act opera by Arthur Nevin, a composer somewhat known as a song writer, is promised before the end of the season. "Twilight" has a distinctively American subject, an episode of the Civil War. Arthur Nevin has also written a three-act Indian opera, "Poia," which was given a hearing in Berlin this winter. Victor Herbert, although classed as an American, was born in Ireland and had his musical education in Germany. He has, however, spent most of his artistic life in this country. He is best known as a composer of successful light operas, although before he began writing them he had composed serious music.

The scene of "Natoma" is laid in California at the time of the Spanish possession. *Natoma* is the daughter of an Indian chief and the last of her race, who has become the maid servant of a Spanish don's daughter, for whom she has had a devoted affection since childhood. *Natoma* loves a young American naval officer who is for the moment attracted by her wild charm. To him she tells the legend of her people embodied in the abalone amulet she wears about her neck. She speaks of her beloved young mistress, *Barbara*, who is coming home that day from the convent and suddenly foresees that these two whom she loves will love each other, and in a moment of abandon flings herself at the man's feet entreating him to let her be his slave. Just then voices coming over the water announce *Barbara's* return. The Spanish girl and the young lieutenant fall in love as *Natoma* had prophesied; but *Barbara's* cousin *Alvarado*, a young Spanish don Juan, has determined to win her and realizing that she prefers the American, plots to take his life and abduct *Barbara*. *Natoma*, however, overhears his threats. The second act presents one of those scenes of festivity apparently indispensable to opera for purposes of ballet and chorus, in this case a *fiesta* outside the church. *Natoma* enters alone. She recalls *Barbara's* kindness to her and wishes her happiness. Then her thoughts turn to the

"NATOMA": AN AMERICAN OPERA

man who loved her for a brief hour and she imagines herself wandering with him through the woods and over the mountains. She remembers the *padre's* teaching, but her Indian spirit rebels and she breaks into an invocation to Great Manitou, spirit of the hills. The *fiesta* begins and in the *pañuelo* or handkerchief dance—called a "dance of declaration,"—*Barbara* jilts *Alvarado*. *Castro*, a half-breed Indian enters and challenges anyone of the company to dance the ancient dagger dance with him. To the consternation of all, *Natoma* accepts the challenge, but at the end, when apparently dashing upon the Indian, she rushes past him and stabs *Alvarado*.

The people turn upon her, but the priest coming out from the church saves her.

THE last act shows *Natoma* lying upon the steps of the altar in the church. Her spirit struggles between the faith of her people and her new-found Christianity. She recalls an Indian lullaby and expresses the loneliness and isolation of her spirit. She has a vision of escaping to the hills and becoming the leader of her wronged and vanquished people. But the priest entering gently reasons with her and persuades her to enter the convent as expiation for her crime. The congregation comes into the church, and silently placing the abalone amulet, symbol of the destiny of her tribe, upon *Barbara's* neck, *Natoma* passes out through the sunlight of the convent garden and into its open door.

The construction of the libretto, which was written by Joseph Redding, a Californian, is not good and its phraseology is trite and old-fashioned. Also authorities on the subject inform us that his Indian lore is inaccurate as it presents a confusion of tribes and customs. It is worthy of note in view of the present controversy concerning the singing of opera in the vernacular that the only singer whose English could be understood throughout was Mary Garden. Among the foreign singers, Sammarco's English was most easily recognizable. There were three other singers in the cast besides Miss Garden born to the English tongue. It is a lamentable fact that Americans do not pay attention to diction as do the French and German singers, and if a correct enunciation of English is not their heritage they are at little pains to acquire it.

It would be pleasant if unqualified praise could be written of the music, but the fact is that the score is not one of striking originality. There are pleasing episodes in the music and some beautiful ones, but there are also passages where the orchestration is heavy—as in the prelude to the third act—and others of meaningless padding. There is also a strong suggestion of undeveloped intentions



MARY GARDEN AS *Natoma* AND LILIAN GRENVILLE
AS *Barbara* IN VICTOR HERBERT'S OPERA, "NATOMA."



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MARIO SAMMARCO IN THE RÔLE OF *Alvarado*
IN "NATOMA," THE NEW AMERICAN OPERA.

"NATOMA": AN AMERICAN OPERA

throughout. The Spanish "Bronco" solo and chorus that so captivated the audience both in New York and Philadelphia is catchy and pleasing, but it is Broadway Spanish, such national character as it has being a matter of rhythm and tambourine accent. The choral in the last act is a good conventional piece of part writing that sounds like any choral in any church. The music written for *Natoma*,—her apostrophe to the spirit of the hills in the second act, her recital of the legend of her tribe in the first and her monologue in the last have the character of Indian music, and are among the most interesting passages in the opera. The lullaby is a harmonization of an Indian melody and also the dagger dance, which is frankly barbaric, and to our ears it has a suggestion of Strauss who so freely employs the intervals of primitive music. This dance has more of the American idiom of Indian music than anything else in the opera, as it employs the repeated descent which is its most marked characteristic. *Alvarado's* declaration of love in the first act (not the serenade), brought out as it was with Sammarco's fine voice and beautiful art, was recognizable as one of the most pleasing melodic bits in the score.

The form of *Natoma* is that of the conventional modern French and Italian opera. Leading motives are used, but not in the contrapuntal Wagnerian manner, imitated by Humperdinck, as a closely interwoven part of the musical fabric; neither has the composer attempted to any extent the eccentricities of the ultra-modern composers in spite of the Strauss-like suggestion referred to above. Themes are often used illustratively in the orchestra, as when in the last act *Natoma's* wild nature, half-conquered by the impulse of love and sacrifice, calls her, the exciting measures of the Indian dance are heard rising and subsiding in the orchestra. Lilian Grenville, an inadequate young person of trivial personality entirely out of place at the Metropolitan, sang the rôle of *Barbara*. It may justly be said of MacCormack, the tenor, that he "assumed" the rôle of the young lieutenant. Never was a singer more innocent of the demands of dramatic art, in spite of the pleasing quality of his voice, which is somewhat marred by a racial tendency to huskiness. His unwieldy hands seem always a serious inconvenience to him. Sammarco, Dufranne, Huberdeau and Crabbe were all satisfactory in their respective rôles, and Mr. Preisch gave a picturesque and convincing impersonation of the half-breed.

MARY GARDEN, with her power of creating illusion and of infusing the human element, made her impersonation of *Natoma* easily the dominating factor of the performance. She is past mistress of the art of effect, even in a certain subtle abil-

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ity to evade such musical demands as are beyond her vocal resource. These, however, did not occur in "Natoma," the music of which is well adapted to the peculiar quality of her voice. The lullaby in particular is so written that it utilizes some of her best tones and she sings it with sympathy and tenderness.

The Indian or Oriental girl in opera usually proclaims herself as such by a furtive manner and a trick tradition of trailing one foot upon the toe as she stands and sings. It is one of the familiar shopworn little conventions of opera singers. But these things belong in a very different class from such dramatic art as Mary Garden's. Her face, made up with a view to realism rather than beauty, wears at times of inaction the stolidity of the Indian, changing in moments of attention to the keen alertness of the wild wood creature. She is an artist who does more than take on the externals of the character she represents, she seems actually to feel and think in it. The spectacular side of Mary Garden is a thing generally realized, but not everyone recognizes what an extraordinary actress she really is. By virtue of this art,—a lyric art not by any means purely that of the theater—she has made the central figure of Victor Herbert's opera exist, a tragic captured thing, fiercely loving, yet desolate and set apart in the isolation of her vanishing race. Her quality of movement, always so important a part of her art, is, as always, that of the character she represents, and every movement, however slight, expresses an idea or an emotion. She walks like an Indian with straight feet and soft flat tread. In the dagger dance, partly designed by herself, she is a wild creature,—darting, tense, watchful, evasive. She makes clear the latent instinctive savagery, the unconquerable pride and courage of the great chief's daughter, her loneliness, the call of the wild blood in her, her unreasoned power of loving, her despairing vision of the doom of her people. When she sits brooding at the *fiesta* we feel her thoughts, and when the half-breed flings out his challenge we see the purpose take shape in her mind. Mary Garden has this power to project the unspoken, and it is in such things as these that one touches the finer issues of dramatic art.

The setting and costuming were interesting in color and said to be historically authentic. The scenes showing the interior and exterior of the Santa Barbara church—which is still standing—were particularly noteworthy. All that fine intelligent musicianship could do for the orchestral part of the performance was contributed by that most versatile of conductors, Cleofonte Campanini.

THREE HUNDRED ACRES AND THREE: BY HANNA RION



WHEN I think of farmers—successful farmers, I always think first of Bunce, the illustrator. I am thinking of him particularly this morning because I have so recently seen with my own eyes what a man can do with the soil and still continue his artistic profession. Although Bunce has only three acres you would never suspect the limitations of space, especially if you happened to be a chance caller, for you enter through a tangle made by Nature in one of her subtlest moods, and left by Bunce as a barrier between his privacy and the high road; then you wind through some fine old pines past a clump of white and gray birch, poplars and cedars, until you descend by a group of boulders to find yourself in a maze of flowers—roses you generally associate only with hothouses and every annual and perennial a flower lover can induce to grow in the North,—a haphazard arrangement that makes you doubt the superior law of discipline and order. Then you continue your delighted way through orderly rows of vegetables with many backward glances until you find yourself under three old apple trees, and just as you begin to feel like the child searching for the end of the rainbow you bump into a porch curtained with Dorothy Perkins roses and see a doorknocker smiling you a glittering welcome.

You feel that you have surely walked miles and you determine to tell Bunce you know it's all folderol about his famous three acres, and you do so as soon as he appears, corduroy-breeched and smiling, from behind the house.

"It's a narrow bit of land," he explains, "about the shape of a good piece of breakfast *strip*. When I bought it five years ago it was considered the most worthless piece of tangle hereabout, and consequently had never been built upon; also it was to be had very cheap—fifty dollars an acre. I spent several weeks making my entrance from various points on the road, trying to see by what longest route I could arrive at the extreme other end of my property. After various experiments, which I conducted like paper chases with myself, I decided on the route you have just traversed, and built my house here in the extreme toe of my land.

"I have all the delusion of being a landed English gentleman, when I enter my property, and my neighbor's woods, beginning thirty-five feet from the rear of my house give me all the privacy of the wilderness, and his trees are more mine than his anyway, for I love them and he doesn't. From my upstairs studio I have the additional advantage of a vista extending over almost my entire property. Come look about."

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He led the way past a long row of rhubarb, the most tropical I had ever seen, to the hotbeds, now resting.

"THE first hotbeds in this countryside," he said with pride. "Now they supply all the neighboring farmers with early plants and my celery transplanted to very rich soil to mature, preparatory to its final setting in the trenches, brings two cents a plant; I can sell all the plants I care to dispose of and before my experiment celery had never been raised around here. I also make extra temporary hotbeds covered with cheese-cloth soaked in oil.

"My tomatoes, seed imported from France, are the earliest in the market; when the market is glutted in mid-season, tomatoes selling at thirty-five cents a basket retail, I've none to sell—only enough for my own consumption."

We passed to the tomato domain, and I noticed the peculiar culture; the tomatoes were planted very close together in rows four feet apart, and the vines were trained to grow tree fashion tied to tall poles.

"It's the English mode of culture," explained Bunce. "I can grow twice as many plants to a given space by treating them that way; I pinch off all side shoots and nip out the tips of the leaves, keeping the plant to one stalk; the tomatoes form close to the stem and the sun can reach every one, bringing them to quicker perfection. See my burr artichokes."

We walked down a path bordered by the monster plants of blue-green fernlike leaves; they were as beautiful as any flower plant in his garden. "Everybody said they couldn't be raised here—too cold. It is hard to winter them but I cover the plants heavily with litter and place boxes over that. I copy the French in my culture of them; each spring I break off all side shoots with a wooden knife leaving only one center crown to each plant; these side shoots, taken off below the soil surface, I transplant and they more than take the place of any large plants lost by the winter freezing. It is only by keeping the artichoke to one stalk that burrs can be raised as large as both fists."

We climbed a rise and came upon his melon patch located on the highest ground. The vines were marvels of vigor and perfection. I noticed that the leaves were all dusted with a blackish something.

"Soot," he explained. "I beg all that my neighbors glean from their stovepipes during spring house-cleanings and store it away in barrels for my melons. Dusted on when the leaves are wet with dew it discourages all insects. When I started to raise melons, of course, all the neighbors said it couldn't be done, because it hadn't

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been tried. Nobody else can raise them around here even now after I have succeeded because they won't take the trouble I do. I excavate each hole two feet; fill in with rich loam, well-rotted manure and sand for drainage. The hole is not entirely filled until the vines are well started, then I fill in gradually giving them a deep root which protects against the hardships of possible drought."

We now passed through a long arbor traversing the center of the vegetable garden running from north to south, ten grape-vines to a side.

"**B**ORE for the first time two seasons ago, this year they'll be loaded—enough to supply myself and the old folks, make wine and a few dozen baskets over to sell at fancy prices. The most prodigious grower and bearer of the lot is the Banner. Then I have Delaware, Niagara and Campbell's Early. I don't raise Concord, because everybody else does."

I noticed that along all the borders of his property he had planted gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and currants, and I inquired about the most satisfactory varieties.

"Cardinal and Loudon raspberries, Eldorado blackberries, Carman and Houghton gooseberries and London Market currants. The gooseberries I propagate by burying ends of branches which take root, they are then cut from the parent bush in the fall; from four original plants I now have hundreds. I haven't room for many fruit trees so I've planted quantities of dwarf ones about the edges of patches. I'm making a specialty of the Gold plum and apricots, and I have enough peaches and cherries for my own consumption and some mulberries for the birds.

"I found these few old apple trees here when I came and I built near them because of the birds they attract. The trees were sad old forgotten derelicts. I trimmed them, mended their cavities, and when I found they were Spies, I budded them with King David and Kings. Now see the result—reincarnated!

"They've provided me a course in apple study. I now know enough to enable me to cope with an orchard if I ever get one. With my microscope I've investigated all their varieties of scale and tried all the different spraying preparations until I've conquered their diseases. You see a farmer should be like an artist—a student up to the hour of his death. The only cocksure, know-it-all farmers are the ones who are as poor as Job's turkey.

"Fortunately I wasn't hampered by theories; I'm always glad of advice and try most of it. A course of chemistry with a friend, enabled me to analyze my soil. I know the component parts of my

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different sections of land and I don't make the mistake of using pure nitrate where lime is needed, and I know where good old manure is necessary and where guano will bring the best results."

We then walked down to the corn patch of Golden Bantam, white Mexican and Country Gentleman. Bunce plants his corn as he plants his peas, every two weeks, reaping a harvest up to frost.

"Do you know," he said, "not a piece of meat comes into my kitchen from May until November. I'm becoming a vegetarian, not because of any eccentric conviction but because of natural selection."

"Has the experiment paid financially?" I asked.

"**P**AID? Well, rather. I've more to eat than I ever had before in my life—all the choicest vegetables and small fruit, and the sale of the extra stuff is enough to keep me irrespective of my magazine work. But the bulkiest part of it all is that I won't have to look forward to a hungry old age, even if my eyes give out, and that's a great comfort to an artist, I can tell you. I could have sold this place several times for triple what I paid for it and it's not because it can raise the biggest head lettuce or the most perfect potatoes; it's because I've made it beautiful. Beauty pays, and that's a point the old-time farmer completely overlooked. Roses and bulbs are just as necessary as onions, and because I've realized that people are falling over themselves to buy what was formerly regarded as a disgraceful old worthless tangle. But why should I sell it? When a man gets what he wants and makes the spot beautiful, stamps it with his own personality, makes it the expression of his creed, it would be as criminal to sell it as to sell love."

"And it doesn't interfere with your profession?"

"Not a particle. I do better work than I ever did, because I've no nerves, to speak of, now. I can keep in touch with editors by infrequent trips to New York, and in two hours I can meet the summons of a telegram. Of course," he continued, "I don't need to go into the obvious details of the benefit of muscular work out of doors, the wholesomeness and sheer joy of the life, but I'll tell you the great secret of my success—I didn't attempt too much. The only friends I have who failed at this sort of experiment are the ones who tried to do it on the grand scale. The most truly successful farmers I know today are some editors, writers and artists. Why? Because they bring to bear on their soil culture the same intensity of purpose, analytical study, love of beauty and glamour of imagination that made the bone of success in their achievements in letters and arts. Who knows but perhaps it is this very class of intellectual men who are going to rescue farming from its old grooves of failure and sordidness

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and make it a dignified calling and a profitable business proposition?

"The farm of the future is going to be twenty acres. Now there's my father—as 'sot in his ways' as the sun, and mortgaged up to his eyelids because he clings to his three hundred acres and old methods, and I don't believe he's ever known an irresponsible hour since his cradle. He's never had time to hear a bird sing; I couldn't make him look at a rose—it represents sentimental foolishness to him; he never noticed the wonder of lettuce green on brown earth or the miracle of beauty of a dew-spangled cabbage, and I'd be ashamed to mention it to him. All the beauty of farming and the country has been smothered by hard, futile toil. And he made me loathe the country as a boy, imbued me with a hatred of farming that took twenty years of New York to eradicate.

"FATHER farmed in the good old way of yesterday—does it still. He planted the things his father planted, corn, oats and wheat. The neglected fields furnished Nature's hay. He begrudged the small space Mother pilfered each year, near the house, for vegetables and refused to fence it in. She dug and planted it herself and shooed the chickens and pigs from it. A farmer's wife was supposed to supply the table and dress herself from what she could make out of the butter and eggs. The consequence was Mother didn't dress, she was merely clothed. In my boyhood my father represented to me the Lamentations of Jeremiah; he grumbled if the sun shone, he grumbled when it rained. Every year he bought new-fangled, flame-colored agricultural implements and used them a few times to dazzle the neighbors, then the implements were left where they fell asleep in the fields after some hard day's work, and there they stayed dozing in dew and rain until they became monuments of rust. He also believed in lightning rods—had one on the chicken house and a small one on the dog kennel.

"It was a matter of pride to keep just so many horses; with these horses he plowed in the spring sixty acres for corn, and sixty for oats, and in the fall sixty for wheat. Sometimes he barely got his seed out of the oats, and the wheat came so thinly, he practically only reaped a harvest from thirty acres. For lack of barn room the hay was stacked in the fields and much of it was injured by the weather.

"The scrawny cattle sheltered under the lee side of the stacks and nibbled it away. His few sheep gnawed under the hay until the stacks looked like mushrooms and had to be braced by poles. For want of proper care the sheep died better than they bred. The pigs generally ran wild in the orchard and Mother's vegetable garden when she was busy making butter. Their rooting in the orchard

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helped the neglected old nondescript trees and they *did* bear prodigally—bore enough to give us all the apples we could eat and hard cider which made us forget the weariness of life and preserved us from the perils of kidney trouble.

"Sometimes Father would become original and neglect to plant all his sixty acres in oats because it had only brought twenty-six cents a bushel the season before. Next season, sure pop, the price of oats would soar, and Father would groan as every farmer since Adam has groaned, 'Just my luck!'

"It was in this atmosphere of unscientific farming I spent my youth of chapped hands, tired back and disgusted heart. I plowed fields that seemed to reach to the brim of the horizon. The vast amount of corn to be husked kept me from school when school began and I husked week after week until the weather grew very bad when I was sent to school, but when the days were pleasant I was kept at home for husking, and just about the time we'd gotten rid of the last ears, it was time to begin the spring plowing of half-frozen ground with half-frozen hands.

"**W**HEN I ran away from home at the age of twenty I felt I never wanted to hear the word 'crop' again. But New York has a wonderful way of turning the mind to the antithesis of hustle, commercialism and skyscrapers, and after many years I found myself plowing again at night in my dreams, but *then* I plowed fields of velvet with a gold-tipped plow, through a song-shaken atmosphere to a western sky gorgeous with the tints only dreamed of by eyes from which the sunset is hidden by smoke-plumed buildings.

"When spring came and I saw the boughs of fruit blossoms for sale on the city streets I became mad with longing and homesickness for the bees humming in the old orchard. After I had made my position firm enough professionally, I turned my back on the city and came back to the old home country.

"When a country boy goes to the city to make his mark he can only permanently return to the old home, with dignity and honor, in a hearse. Of course all the neighbors looked on my return as failure. I didn't explain myself, even to Father and Mother; it would have necessitated an autobiography of over two hundred thousand words. When I bought this piece of supposed junk woodland, it stamped me as a fool. When I could actually pay cash for it the farmers wondered what rich guy was backing me and if he were going to put up a summer hotel.

"I have an Italian helper I rescued from the railroad track five

A GARDEN

years ago. I pay him twenty-five dollars a month and give him twenty per cent. of all that is sold off the place. This gives him a sense of partnership and he takes the same interest I do. He hires any extra help we need during spring preparation and fall cleaning and berry picking, the rest of the time we manage alone. I only work early in the morning and after the light grows bad in the studio in the afternoon.

"I have no trouble with maids because I adapt myself to their standards. If it is a matter of pride to a country girl to enter only by the front door it doesn't lessen my dignity to let her do so. She can even eat at the table with me if it makes her happier. Of course the major part of my income still comes from illustrating, but the point is this: if I should at any time want to chuck the whole art business because of ill health or insolence, I can do it and live decently, if modestly, and develop a handsome waist girth on an income derived from the sensible planting of these few acres.

"In short, my father has failed for forty years on three hundred acres, while I'm making money, finding contentment, and discovering life anew on three."

A GARDEN

I WILL have a garden, set beyond the reach of strife, where Nature will abide content and radiant. Her beauty undisturbed, I will be Her handmaiden and spread out a carpet of flowers, like a prayer rug whereon I will sing psalms of praise.

I will have a harp of pine trees, and the Winds will love to come and tenderly touch its sensitive strings.

Fountains will be there to laugh melodiously as little children.

Flowers that exhale sweetness I will grow in this garden, and those that are bright and sunny. Those that are simple or stately or graceful, shall flourish, and those that hold dear memories.

There will I hold tryst with my soul and renew my strength.

THE GROWING INDIVIDUALITY OF THE AMERICAN GARDEN



HEN Saadi the Persian poet was asked, "From whom did you get your exquisite manners?" he replied "From the unmannerly. For whatever I saw them do, *that* I refrained from doing." As unmannerliness, by the law of contraries, was an unconscious instructor to one seeking the perfection of manners, so a rich man's garden, ostentatious, spectacular, sumptuous, became the inspiration for a garden unaffected, simple and altogether lovely, a type of what an American garden should be.

A certain man was invited to visit the garden of a very rich friend of his. This rich friend, laboring under the delusion that unlimited wealth would produce unlimited beauty, set an army of workmen to the building of pergolas, brick, rustic and stone, to the laying out of rose gardens on vast scales, to the planting of hedges and the shaping of walks.

There is nothing that he left undone except the one thing needful, namely, the exercising of a love for his garden. For love of it would have prompted an appreciation of the beauty primarily existing in his plot of ground, which he would have enjoyed augmenting, instead of changing.

Because he simply ordered the garden to be made, instead of lovingly directing the planting of it, it was like a great show place. It was not a spot to live in, to work in—it had no sweet personality of its own. It was only another chance for the meaningless display of wealth. As guests are sometimes entertained by hiring people to sing to them, to talk to them, to entertain them in various ways, so the garden seemed constructed as one would arrange the scenery of a theater,—with the aim of dazzling the beholder, of awakening his admiration, instead of his love. It touched not the heart, or the memory. It wounded rather than soothed the sensibilities.

The "certain man" was shown how a hill had been shoveled into a hollow, how a native tree had been hewn to the ground that some emigrant, woefully, conspicuously out of place, might feebly thrive, how roses were clipped or trained into wheels or useless square chunks. As he saw that the whole garden was at the back of the house so that one must make an excursion to it if one wished to enjoy it, he thought, "I will make a garden of my own, and everything that this man has done I will refrain from doing."

He saw that a garden should be the outward and visible sign of your love of, your understanding of, your friendship with Nature. The house should be set in the midst of the garden so that every window is enriched by the sight of it. The color of it should fill

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the house, the fragrance of it float through the open doors, the beauty of it lure you to work in it, to spend long hours with it.

It should be preëminently a place of flowers—flowers that are allowed to grow in their own most perfect way. They should riot over the walls, encroach upon the paths, creep up the porches and peep into the windows. The lawn should be thickly starred with them so that you can have a field of flowers like those that so richly adorned our country before civilization encroached upon them, driving them into fence corners, then destroying them utterly.

If you are fortunate enough to own a little stream of water, it should be allowed to wander at will through your garden—it will create curves of beauty you cannot improve upon, and it will melodiously whisper secrets that will drive away your anxieties.

Find out what flowers and ferns like a brook and transplant them in as near the same relation to it as they would naturally choose. Find out the cloister-loving flowers and let them fill the shady nooks. Find out the sunshine-loving flowers and let them possess the open spaces. If you need a rock here and there, let the sod grow up to or partially over it, as you find them in Nature.

In other words let your garden look as if it had grown of its own accord, as if Nature herself had been your architect, your landscape gardener, your designer in chief. Nature will, under the wooing of your love, take possession of your garden as a queen her kingdom. Her presence, so shy and so stately, so exquisite and so wonderful, will radiate to the outermost boundary. The trees will be her trees, the flowers her flowers, her sweet personality must be in evidence, and not your ownership.

Working in this wise and loving way you will gradually become aware of the fact that you have a rare and perfect thing, a flawless jewel unmarred in the cutting.

THE noblest service you can do a friend is to help him go the way he desires to go—not to thwart him at every turn, or try to force him into your groove, excellent as it may be. Likewise, the way to develop a plot of ground into a perfect garden, is to let it suggest to you the way it is best fitted to go and then to work with it, not against it, helping it to carry out its own natural bent.

Instead of brutally cutting away the beautiful contour of a hill, that it may be made to turn a charming dell into a purposeless level, cherish these two natural features as rare treasures, from which the main charm of the garden may spring.

This altering or torturing of natural resources reminds me of people who, though having resources of their own, use them not. Their

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culture consists of artificial acquirements, rather than the developing of what they already have. They buy or cause to be made, everything that they hear about or see, without any relation to beauty or fitness. The result is a painful pretentiousness, a confusion of unrelated things.

A garden must be spontaneous—allowed to spring from the ground in a natural way—otherwise it is devoid of that irresistible something called style, for style is born of the shaping of use and beauty to environment.

To be original is to be altogether personal—it is to grow from one's own center. It is not by encrusting ourselves with acquired qualities or ornaments that we enrich our natures, but it is by cherishing, developing the qualities already possessed. A garden to be a perfect thing, an original thing, must be altogether natural. It is not by importing treasures and setting them here and there in our gardens, that they are made lovely.

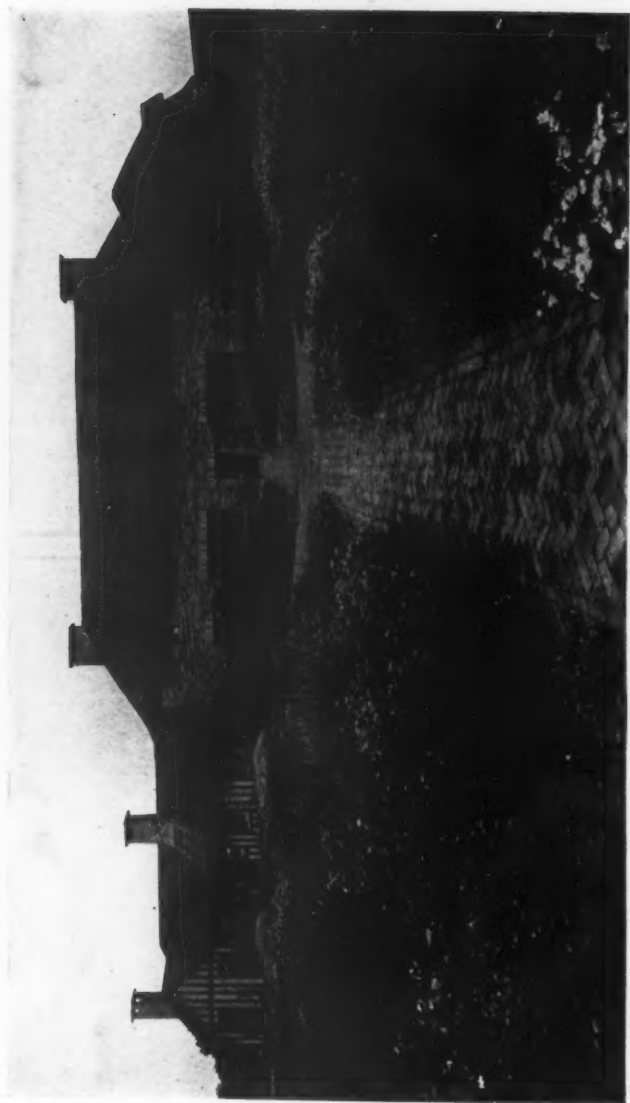
So I would make a plea for naturalness in gardens. America is wonderfully rich in the variety of its flowers, shrubs and trees. Its little hills and valleys have a charm, an individuality all their own. We have no need to alter or import, if we desire beauty—we have but to develop existing qualities.

Mother Nature has hung innumerable gardens upon the slopes of the High Sierra, that are to my mind the type of the perfect garden. The mists of the mountains and the melting snows become condensed in the hollow of a rock. They grow too large for the basin, slip over the edge and begin their miracle-producing journey to the waiting valleys below. Ferns and flowers gather about the infant stream to protect it from the too absorbent rays of the sun. As the stream grows larger the flowers increase in size, color and variety, and one can trace the whole course of a river as it journeys down the mountain by the brilliant color of its flower companions. Bluebells, harebells, columbines white, yellow and red, phloxes of every imaginable color, daisies, gentians, lupines, gather in colonies near the stream, against the granite walls, over the boulders. They have never been trained, clipped or deflected from their nature by the interfering hand of man. The flower of just the right color stations itself by the red or gray granite boulder. The flower of graceful form nods and sways close to the water. The tiny flowers nestle for protection near the bold and vigorous ones, and the whole glowing, brilliant, dainty, vigorous, clinging, independent colony, with marvelous individuality and infinite variety of color and form, produces a harmony of color that every artist or garden maker should make a pilgrimage to see. This rioting of color, this arrangement of eminently fitting forms should



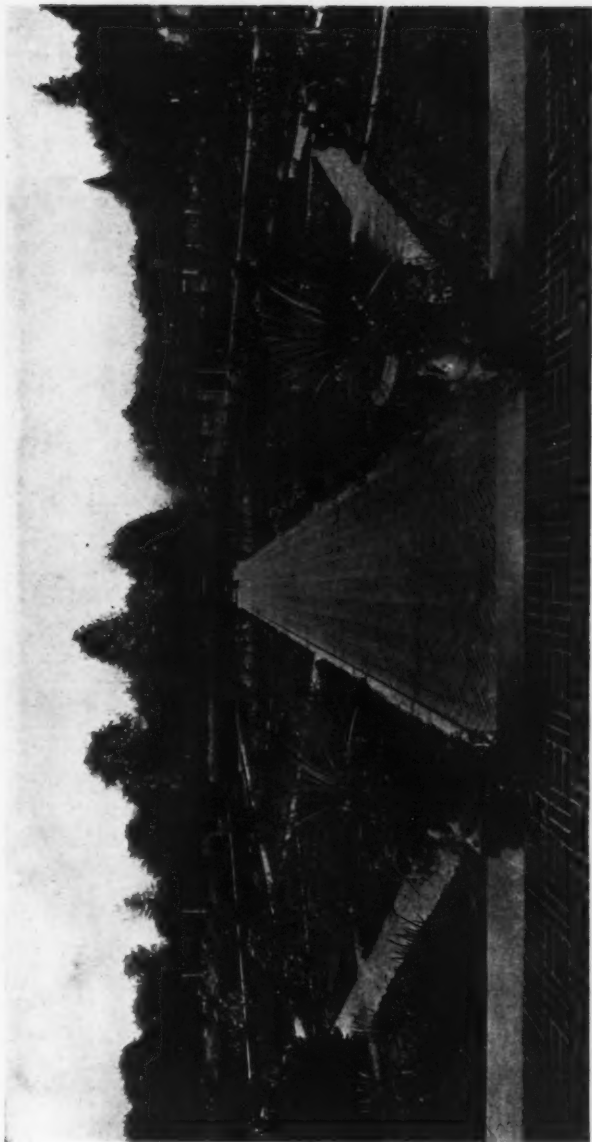
Albro and Lindeberg, Architects.

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SURROUNDING THE HOUSE OF JAMES
A. STILLMAN, POCANTICO HILLS, N. Y.: THE RELATION
OF GARDEN TO HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY HARMONIOUS.



Albro and Lindberg, Architects.

SHOWING THE HOUSE OF MR. STILLMAN, MORE COMPLETELY IN RELATION TO THE LOVELY GARDEN.



Clinton Mackenzie, Architect.

GARDEN FOR THE HOME OF WILLIAM J. MATHE-
SON ON LONG ISLAND. THE PERGOLAS AND
USE OF BRICK ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTING.



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AN OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN GARDEN,
SUCH AS YOU STILL SEE IN OLD NEW
ENGLAND TOWNS AND IN THE SOUTH.

INDIVIDUALITY OF AMERICAN GARDENS

be studied by whoever would make a garden. In such a spot can be gained that "knowledge never learned of books" much needed in the making of gardens.

EACH garden must be developed in accordance with the possibilities of the locality—so that working with Nature instead of against her, it will have a purpose, a beauty all its own, and there will be no danger of having your garden look as if it had been turned out of a factory. Much might be said about the making of walks, the use of brick or of rustic, the construction of pergolas, but given the first rule of fitness—the methods of Nature—you can construct a garden all your own, the embodiment of your inherent good taste.

Study the snowflake crystals for the pattern of your brick walks, the color of the local rock for the tone of them. Let the garden surge up to and splash against your house, caressing it, as it were, as the sea washes against the shore. Let garden and house float together in one harmonious whole, the one finding completion in the other.

The accompanying pictures illustrate the beautiful result obtained by the blending of house and garden. The gardens sweep over the yard and up to the very lintels of the door; the balance of house and garden is most satisfying—nothing offends the taste, everything delights, and one instinctively feels that in the exuberance of color, the profusion of blossoms, not a single jarring note could be found to mar the perfect harmony. The walks seem almost to take you by the hand, in the genuineness of their hospitality, and lead you about the garden, allowing you to enjoy freely all its beauties. There is no sense of display, of braggart cheapness. The owner of these gardens could not possibly train a purple wistaria over a red brick house, trim hedges to look like ships, dogs or some monstrosity never seen on land or sea, or train roses to resemble a target in a shooting gallery. They would not be put to the necessity of calling in hirelings to entertain you—for they could talk to you themselves of things to which it would be well worth listening.

America has some notable examples of beautiful, harmonious, distinctive gardens, because we are making them ourselves, because we love to work in them, to walk in them, to have flowers, flowers and more flowers all about us. We are learning to combine flower and vegetable gardens, to make usefulness beautiful. The grape is planted so that it becomes an unsurpassed decoration for the out-of-door dining room. It lowers its fruit, rich in color, fragrance and toothsome-ness, through the trellis roof, so that he who is fortunate enough to dine under the living tapestry of its rustling, beautiful

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leaves, can feast his eyes upon the color of it, his nostrils upon the fragrance of it and he has but to reach out his hand to pluck the best part of his breakfast.

THE out-of-door dining room reaches out to the garden, the garden creeps by the way of the grape trellis to the house, so that one cannot tell where the house ends and the garden begins—it is one harmonious whole, as it should be. Flowers border the vegetable beds, and the vegetables complete the complement of color. Blackberries become a graceful fence as well as a tempting fruit; fruit trees instead of being set in rows far from the house, are planted within reach of window or porch and are part of the decoration of the yard.

We all remember the story of the good little girl whose speech condensed into pearls and rubies, and of the bad little girl whose speech became frogs and toads. America is speaking (it really sounds to me like singing) to the world of freedom, of love of home, of joy in work, of need of beauty. Her speech falls to the earth as jewels, living jewels of gardens that betray the sweetness, the love, the fine sensibilities, the absence of sham, the dignity of her inmost life.

We are appreciating more and more the place that beauty holds in the formation of character and we desire not only to surround ourselves with it but to have a hand in the creating of it. The poets tell us that "a clod of earth becomes fragrant by dwelling with roses" and poets are sometimes very wise. By living in and with a garden one becomes impregnated with a sense of beauty; it gets into the blood, as it were, surges through the whole being, vitalizing the channels of our life.

"The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty."

A SCHOOL WHERE GIRLS ARE TAUGHT HOME-MAKING: BY PROFESSOR LEWIS M. TERMAN



NOWHERE in the educational world are such revolutionary changes impending as in the American high school. Unlike any other unit of our school system the high school is facing responsibilities peculiar and new. As to the essential purpose of the *common school*, there has been nothing equivocal. It was established to place all children in possession of the necessary tools of learning and to give an introduction into the country's history and the fundamentals of elementary science and mathematics. At the other end of the system, the college and university have been guided by the distinct aim of preparing for the professions of law, medicine, ministry and education.

The high school alone has lacked an autonomous justification. Evolved as strictly a preparatory school to the college, it is only beginning to be more than that. It is well enough to characterize it as "the people's college" if we mean by that to express an ideal and not a fact. For despite the indirect value of the cultural training the typical high school affords, we must admit that it does not prepare directly for the occupational life of the average citizen.

This is bitterly true as regards the girl, whose kind at present constitutes a large majority of the total high-school enrolment. Established to prepare young men for a man's college, the high school is now attended predominantly by girls, relatively few of whom will go to any institution of higher learning.

The high school is just beginning to adapt itself to modern conditions. A creditable start has been made in the establishment of agricultural, commercial and mechanical high schools for boys, but the needs of the girl, as usual, are neglected. We are doing next to nothing, in any portion of the public-school system, to prepare her for the most important and the most difficult of all feminine vocations,—that of housewife and mother. The appeal made by Herbert Spencer more than a half-century ago is still, as far as the education of girls is concerned, a voice crying in the wilderness. The biological point of view, so potent everywhere else, has not found this easiest and most obvious of all its possible applications to social institutions.

It is the purpose of this article to describe a high school, which, in the opportunities it offers to girls, stands as a notable exception to the conditions generally prevailing. It offers perhaps the most nearly ideal secondary education for girls obtainable anywhere in the United States at public expense, and stands as a striking example of what surely awaits us in the education of woman.

A SCHOOL TO TEACH HOME-MAKING

THE credit for the innovation belongs to a little city of the West, —Hollywood, California. A dozen years ago Hollywood did not exist,—even in the imaginative brains of California real-estate promoters. Within a decade it has become one of the wealthiest and most attractive suburbs of the rich and progressive city of Los Angeles. In the matter of education, Hollywood holds a remarkable record. Two years ago when already possessed of a high-school equipment complete beyond the dream of any town of similar population in the prairie States, a group of her representative citizens met and proposed to bond the little city of five thousand people for another hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of adding a department of manual training and a school of domestic science and art. When the election occurred not a single dissenting vote was cast, a record scarcely paralleled in the history of public education in America.

There were people in Los Angeles who rubbed their eyes and wondered what their aristocratic little neighbor meant by spending so much money for a school to teach a few girls the simple art of cookery. Others wondered who in wealthy Hollywood would attend a "School of Housekeeping" anyway. Could it be a unique attempt to solve the servant-girl problem by taking a few children early and training them up the way servant girls should go? But the people of Hollywood knew what they were about. Dr. William H. Snyder, who is the principal of the high school and the educational leader of the community, had persuaded the city that this should be a real School of Domestic Science and Art, and not the traditional high school with a course or two in cooking and laundry work.

In less than a week from its opening the school was crowded to its capacity; crowded by daughters of the economically well-to-do; by girls who, under the old régime, would have been puzzling over Latin constructions or memorizing original (?) demonstrations in preparation for the "solid" work of Wellesley, Bryn Mawr or some other male college for women.

Nor can the popularity of the department be imputed to the desire to escape hard work. Its students work more hours and more earnestly than those enrolled in other courses. The work as presented appeals to the deepest and best instincts of womanhood. It has its obvious bearing upon the life which every normal girl looks forward to. Thanks to the atmosphere which Dr. Snyder and his teachers have created for it, the work seems elevating, not commonplace. And this is fortunate, for the day has gone by when women will voluntarily give themselves to unprofitable dull tasks,

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AN EXAMINATION of the course of study will show that it is liberal in the highest sense. It is the belief of Dr. Snyder that to build an ideal home and wisely to preside over it presupposes a scientific, artistic and moral equipment which does not come of itself. He believes that in a democracy the home is too basal to trust to chance for its amelioration. He believes that domestic science, in the broad sense of the term, will prove an indispensable element in the physical salvation of our people. "We must get back," he says, "to the simple problems of cooking, clothing and sanitation, which, after all, are complex enough." He emphasizes the new problems of hygiene imposed by congested life in the modern city, with its indoor occupations and lack of normal physical activities; with its difficulties relating to water supply, waste disposal and the procuring of fresh and wholesome food; with its torments of indigestion, neurasthenia and colds, to say nothing of venereal and other infectious diseases. He realizes that cities are man-consuming furnaces which would die out like an unreplenished fire if they were not fed by a continuous stream of healthy humanity from the country.

The average public high school which admits domestic science to its family of school courses makes it the Cinderella of the group. It is grudgingly accorded cramped and ill-ventilated quarters in a damp basement in unpleasant proximity to janitor's quarters, coal bins and toilets. Under such conditions it is little wonder that both students and teachers of the department tend to lose caste. Dr. Snyder believes there is nothing intrinsic to the science of home-making and home-keeping to mark its inferiority to Greek or mathematics as a subject of study. Accordingly the Hollywood School of Domestic Science and Art is housed in a beautiful and substantial structure of its own. As if meant to be suggestive of both beauty and domesticity the structure is fittingly modeled along Classic-Colonial lines. It sets a worthy example for home-making also in being flooded with sunlight, thoroughly ventilated, and made charmingly effective from the laundry below to the art museum above. All the appointments are simple, tasteful, adapted, genuine.

A UNIQUE and invaluable feature of the equipment is a "model flat" located on a sunny corner of the second floor. The flat consists of reception hall, living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. Most of the larger pieces of furniture for the flat were made by the boys in the manual-training department, while the girls themselves have made or supplied all the lighter furnishings and decoration. The interests of the students center here. School

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officers may own or control school buildings in general, but this is their very own.

The model flat serves innumerable purposes, not the least important of which is that of laboratory for a domestic science "thesis." A school thesis is usually, as everybody knows, an abbreviated extract copied from a musty volume of the school library. A domestic science thesis is a performance, and occurs after this wise:—On a Monday morning the seniors of the cooking class discover all the furnishings of the model flat "stacked" in bewildering disorder on the floor of the living room. A "thesis" is about to begin. The girls understand how the week is to be spent. They are to plan a new arrangement of the furniture and new decorations for tables and walls. When this is done they must plan a model lunch to be served in model fashion by Thursday of the same week. The meal must be planned and prepared without help from anyone and is done with absolute freedom except for the limitation of cost to twenty-five cents per plate. To this lunch each girl invites friend or parent. One member of the class acts as hostess in receiving guests and in assuming responsibility for the conversation during the meal and in all ways for the individual happiness of the visitors present. Another has charge of the service and others are responsible in still other ways. After all is done the linen must be laundered and everything put in order for the old life. There are several such theses during the year and each is carefully marked by the teachers in its artistic, domestic and *social* aspects.

Such being the conception of the work, the choice of teachers to present it becomes all-important. The whining slouch will not do, however well she may cook and sew. The Hollywood teachers combine with their liberal technical equipment good taste, social agreeableness and the finest of matronly dignity. Dr. Snyder says everything is due to the atmosphere which they have created. Leave out of domestic science the ideal and art elements and it becomes merely an ugly scratch for the support of our material existence. Idealize it, teach it as "something fine," to use Dr. Snyder's words, and you transform it from an occupation to the dignity of a profession,—a pursuit.

JUST here is the key to the Hollywood situation. Daughters of poor and rich work side by side. Freed from the artificial social standards of outside life, the elemental democracy of youth becomes supreme. A girl from one of the wealthiest and most cultured families of the community joyously serves her turn as waitress in the school's cafeteria. The spirit of the workers is worth a jour-

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ney to see. Nearly half of the girls who entered the high school this year enrolled in this department, and the number is rapidly being swelled by students of other departments who happen in to observe the work, catch the enthusiasm and decide to change their course. The mothers are no less delighted. When I talked with Dr. Snyder his office had just been visited by a wealthy woman of aristocratic lineage who desired that her daughter be transferred from the classical department to that of domestic science.

And why not? If our country is to endure, the opportunities of a perfect home must become the birthright of every child. What other thing can do so much as schools of this kind to stay the progressive decay of home life? Moreover, such an education pays its way as it goes, irrespective of the home it will sometime contribute to fashion. It imbues the girls with responsibility. Because it appeals to their deepest instincts, it makes them happy. It will help recall the era of "plain living and high thinking." It will help to eliminate the problem of the idle rich.

THE fundamental principles of this school are of universal applicability. The ideal element is as important for the daughter of the street laborer as for the daughter of the millionaire, and if rightly presented it appeals to her no less strongly. The desire to appear well is universal. It is admitted, of course, that if the constituency of the school belonged exclusively to the lower end of the social scale teachers would need to exercise sensible tact not to set a standard for the home that would discourage by its difficulty or seem alien in its nicety. It is possible that Dr. Snyder would alter some of the minor features if he were planning the school for girls of Chicago's slums. The plan of the school is not offered for literal copying, but rather as a point of departure. The value is in the spirit, not the letter.

As already hinted, the high school in all its departments has been carefully planned with the idea of supplying a favorable atmosphere through the subconscious influence of material environment. To this end the buildings have been arranged on the group plan. Instead of a single huge barracklike structure there are separate buildings of distinctive architecture for the various departments, one of which is the School of Domestic Science and Art here described. Scattered over the liberal twelve-acre campus these buildings present an inviting appearance. There is nothing in them suggestive of the day-prison which some schools become.

The advantages of the plan are numerous. Boys and girls are not herded together in crowded halls. The open-air walk from one

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building to another between classes is excellent from the point of view of both physical and mental hygiene. The shift of classes is not a signal for a stampede with teachers vainly attempting to control. The transfer is made with apparent freedom and leisure. The brief walk in the open air acts as magic influence. If there has been friction or failure in the previous recitation it is forgotten. The dash of fresh air and change of scenery dissipates bad temper and despondency. The mind has a chance to acquire a new "set."

This no doubt partly explains why self-control has taken the place of government in the Hollywood high school. Not even a system of self-government has been found necessary. It would have nothing to do. Incidentally, Dr. Snyder believes that this individual self-control becomes difficult in geometrical ratio as the attendance mounts beyond the six hundred or eight hundred mark. The Hollywood high school has about five hundred students. It is not institutionalized.

All the appointments of a building are suggestive of the work to be done there. They give an invaluable attitude of mind. They foster steadiness of effort as well as mental assimilation. After all, why is "atmosphere" less important for the high-school boy or girl than for inventor, poet or scientific worker? Is the youth less sensitive to environmental influence than the adult?

Dr. Snyder finds that the teachers too are benefited by this arrangement. The well-known teacher psychosis is warded off. The feeling of independent proprietorship in an attractive departmental building gives her a different outlook upon her work. Her nerves are less tense. She is less the schoolma'am and more the woman. She is less in danger of contracting that fatal pedagogical disease so aptly denominated the withered heart.

Californians are quick to distinguish a good thing. Although the new Hollywood structures were only begun a year ago, they have attracted the attention of superintendents over the entire State. All the high-school plants begun in California in the last year, including one that will cost three hundred thousand dollars, are being modeled after that of Hollywood. Not infrequently entire boards of school trustees journey to Hollywood to inspect the much-talked about high school, and some have returned home to copy the plans outright.

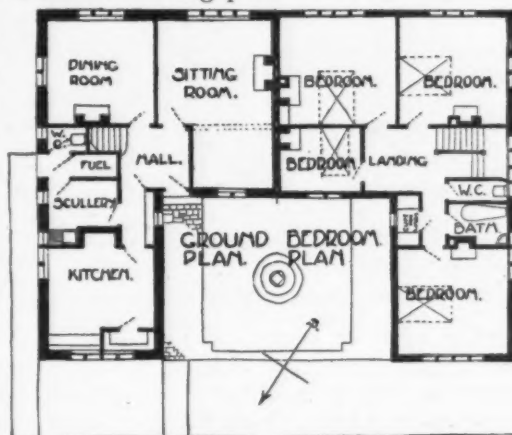
But it was the main purpose of this sketch to call attention to the Department of Domestic Science and Art, the new type of girls' high school, conceived and realized by a strong man backed by the uncommon sense of an intelligent community.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWELVE



THE houses chosen to illustrate those ranging in cost from two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars to three thousand five hundred dollars, "Briarside" and the house at Newton are rather differently placed from the others; while "St. Brig-hids" and the houses at Hampstead and Matlock belong to that class which stands detached or semi-detached in the middle of a small building plot.

Taken together, a number of such houses constitute perhaps the most difficult problem of the domestic architect,—that of creating with them any good collective effect. Each of the houses in a row of suburban building plots may be individually delightful, but the total result a most unsatisfactory effect. There is an old saying: "God made the country, man the town, but the suburbs must be the work of the Devil," and I do not think it was the depressing outward appearance of the usual suburbs which gave rise to



ONE FLOOR OF A SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE.

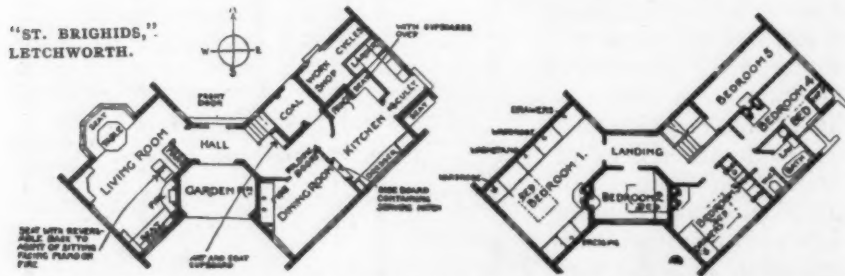


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD.

INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

this saying. In few town or terrace houses are we so insistently made conscious of our neighbors as we are in a suburban house standing in its own little plot. The garden of such a house seldom amounts to more than a small strip in front and behind, still smaller strips at either side, all too small to be dealt with in any way that can produce a pleasing effect. Surely, a great deal of the dismal, forbidding aspect of our suburbs is due to the endless lines of fencing. It is seldom that we find two adjacent plots with a similar treatment of boundaries. Here we have an oak fence, there a privet, a briar, a



barbed wire, or stone. If we could erase most of these boundaries and create something akin to the fenceless suburbs of many American towns we should have done much toward restoring a pleasing appearance to our English suburban streets.

And how useless and purely traditional most of these fences are! Few of them will keep dogs out of the gardens. Very few of them are high enough to create privacy in the gardens or valuable shelter for fruit and flowers. We English make a fetish of privacy, and many of us would almost rather be caught stealing than seen taking a meal out of doors; hence our love of a private garden must be reckoned with and respected. But surely we should be able to give every house a private garden, and still remove miles and miles of unnecessary fencing from our suburbs; fencing that is not put up to secure privacy or shelter, but merely from an unthinking acceptance of a senseless supposition that on every boundary there must be a fence.

Since the house that the domestic architect will most frequently be commissioned to design will be detached or semi-detached on the customary suburban building plot, it behooves us to consider suggestions for overcoming the difficulties in such planning. Dismissing as a stupid convention the dictate that the principal windows of a house should always overlook the road, whatever their outlook and aspect, we find that the side elevations present our chief difficulties.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"ST. BRIGHIDS," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, IS SO INTERESTINGLY PLACED THAT IT PRACTICALLY HAS THREE SIDES THAT FACE THE GARDEN: IT IS ALSO SO ADVANTAGEOUSLY PLACED THAT THE WINDOWS HAVE A PLEASANT SUNNY OUTLOOK INSTEAD OF PEERING INTO THE ADJACENT HOUSES. LIVING ROOM IN "ST. BRIGHIDS," SHOWING MOST INTERESTING PLACING AND GROUPING OF WINDOWS IN RELATION TO BOOKSHELVES AND READING CORNER.

LIVING ROOM IN ONE OF THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT MATLOCK, DERBY-SHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING BUILT-IN SIDE-BOARD AND FIRE-SIDE SEAT. BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



DINING ROOM LOOKING ACROSS HALL INTO LIVING ROOM AT "ST. BRIGHIDS."



SIDEBOARD IN DINING ROOM AT "ST. BRIGHIDS," SHOWING GLIMPSE OF HALLWAY AND STAIRCASE AND INTERESTING EFFECT OF UNPLASTERED BRICK WALL.

FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, WITH INTERESTING ROOF LINE AND HALF TIMBER CONSTRUCTION: SHOWING PLACING OF WINDOWS TO OBTAIN THE BEST POSSIBLE VIEW: THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN ADMIRABLY PLANNED IN RELATION TO ITS SITE: BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



THE LIVING ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, THE WINDOWS PLACED SO THAT THE UTMOST LIGHT IS AFFORDED AND YET HIGH ENOUGH IN THE WALL TO AVOID GLIMPSES INTO NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

THE STAIRCASE IN THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, WITH GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM AT THE RIGHT, SHOWING VERY INTERESTING PANEL DECORATION.



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"BRIAR SIDE," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING ATTRACTIVE PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSE AND UNUSUALLY INTERESTING GROUPING OF WINDOWS.

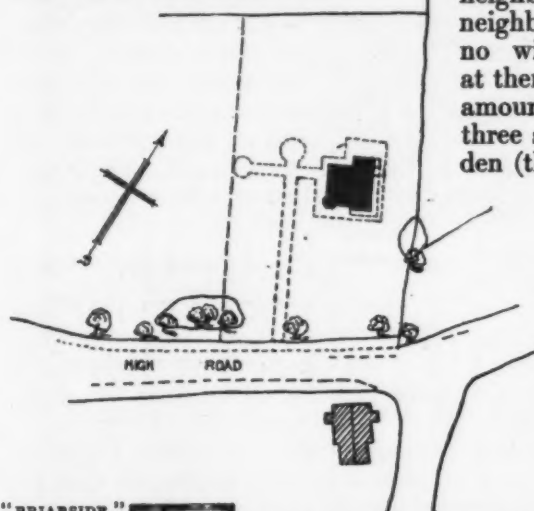
LIVING ROOM AT "BRIAR SIDE," WITH GLIMPSE OF FIRE-PLACE CORNER AND HIGH-PLACED WINDOWS BEYOND.

INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

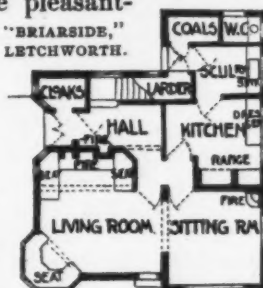
From the side windows we look straight across to those in our neighbors' side walls, and it is this that makes us so conscious of neighbors, and they so much more "upon us" in a suburban house than a terrace house, where we cannot see or hear them through any window. Yet, considerations of appearance, light and air make it impossible that we should leave side elevations blank.

"St. Brighids" is put forward as a design seeking to minimize these difficulties. No windows look straight across at the neighboring houses, and even for the least advantageously placed window a much more open, pleasant and sunny outlook has been secured than could have been given to any side posed to the side walls of the neighboring houses. The neighbors also gain by having no windows looking directly at them. In fact, it practically amounts to this house having three sides which face the garden (the pleasant-

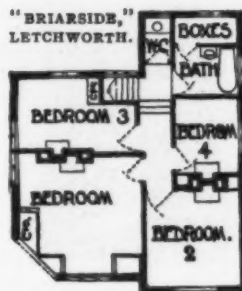
"BRIARISIDE," LETCHWORTH: BLOCK PLAN.



"BRIARISIDE," LETCHWORTH.



GROUND PLAN



BEDROOM PLAN

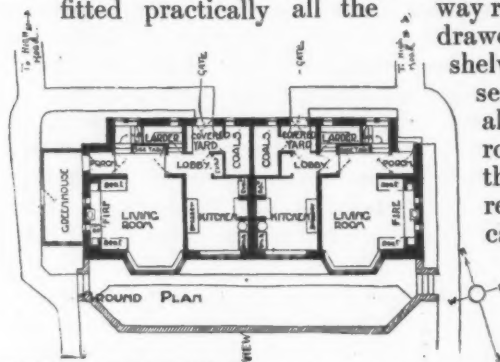
est, sunniest aspect), instead of one. Diagram Six shows how the houses on adjoining plots planned on the same general lines would help each other to secure these advantages.

To obtain the charm of a vista right through the house and down the garden as one approached the front door on the north side was one of the main factors in producing the form of the plan used. The difficulties in designing this house would have been greatly lessened had the client required fewer bedrooms or more ground-floor accommodation.

INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

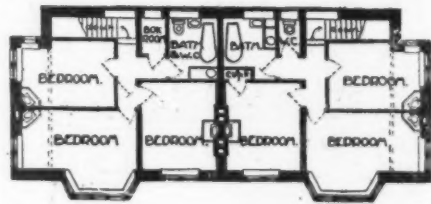
As will be seen from the drawings, the house was practically furnished when it left the builder's hands. In most of the bedrooms, wardrobes, cupboards, drawers, dressing tables and washstands were built under the slope of the roof where the headroom was not great enough to allow anyone to stand. The kitchen was fitted practically all the

way round with seats, cupboards, drawers, dressers, etc. Bookshelves, cupboards, cabinets, seats, etc., occupied almost all the wall space in the living room, as will be seen from the photograph. Anything required on the dining table can be put onto the sideboard in the dining room through a serving door on the kitchen side of it, and all this furniture was

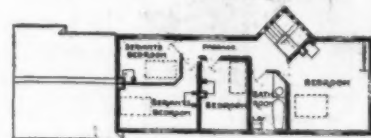
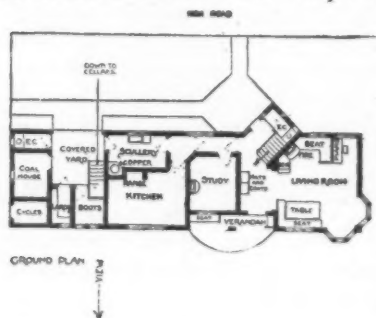


SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES
AT MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.

The ease with which a house so furnished can be cleaned is a salient point in its favor. The comparatively unencumbered floor space, the few things to be moved when cleaning, the absence of inaccessible corners and of spaces between, behind and at the sides of things are noticeable. But it may not be so obvious that this method of furnishing can reduce to a minimum the daily labor of dusting; for whenever furniture is designed for its place there may and should be created fewer dust traps than when loose furniture is used. It



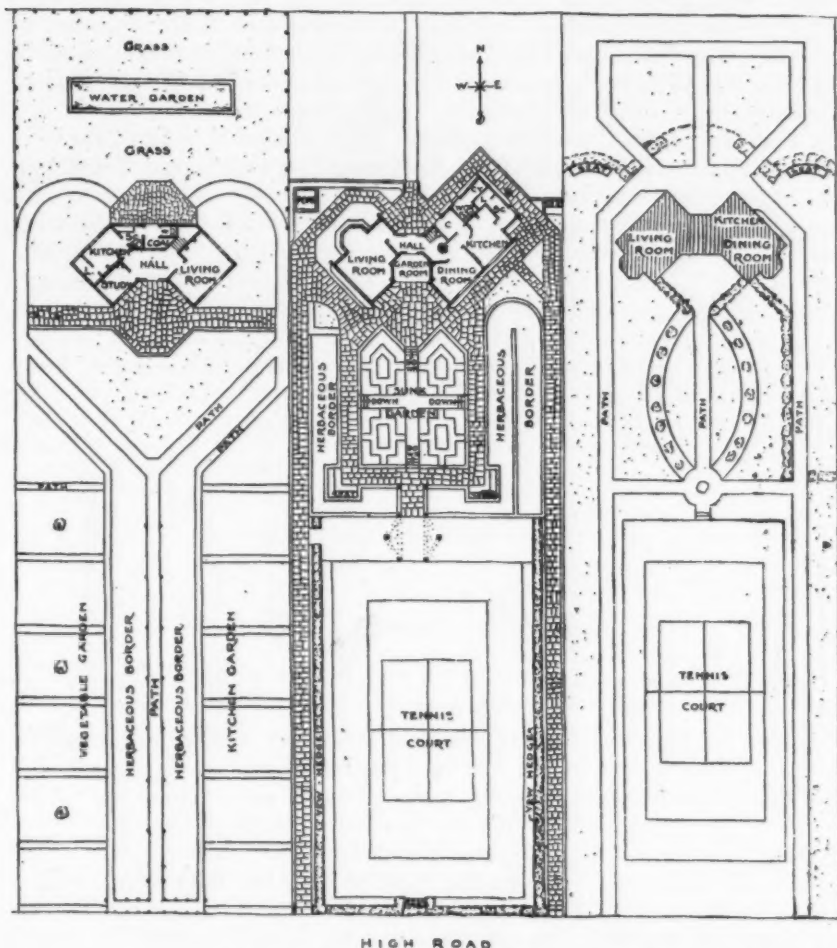
BEDROOM PLAN. HOUSES AT MATLOCK.



HOUSE AT NEWTON, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

DIAGRAM 6.



PICTURESQUE POSSIBILITIES IN GROUPING SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES.

now drastically reducing the amount of upholstery, padding, cushioning, drapery and curtaining of their rooms, because of the dust these hold, and it is quite tenable that we have ample justification for saying that no form of molding which presents surfaces upon which dust can collect is admissible.

Almost everyone nowadays demands a hanging cupboard for hats and coats, which until quite recently used to hang unprotected in the hall, and we find incidentally that the protection from dust

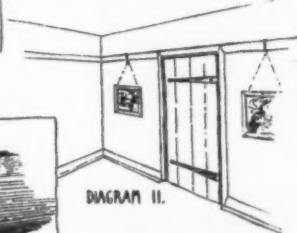
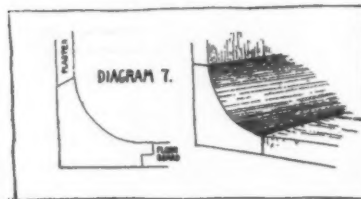
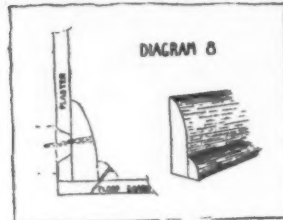
INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

which this gives considerably lengthens the life of the garments.

The elimination of dust traps, the reduction in the number of surfaces on which dust can rest afford yet another example of artistic gain resulting from practical considerations. For the effect is to produce restful, soft and unforbidding forms.

The illustrations used here will support this, and a few examples of the definite application of the foregoing theories to specific details of construction may be helpful.

The angle between the skirting and the floor is one of the most difficult to keep properly cleaned out and free from dust. Diagram



DESIGNS FOR "SKIRTING"
PICTURE RAILS AND
ARCHITRAVES.

Seven shows a way of eliminating this angle altogether, with a result very pleasing in appearance. This is not, however, frequently made use of, as it is rather expensive and troublesome to carry out, so we show in Diagram Eight a skirting which is almost as effective and quite as inexpensive as anything for which it would be a substitute. It also has an advantage that the "cove skirting" indicated by Diagram Seven does not possess. The fillet which fills the angle between the skirting and the floor is not nailed to the skirting, but to the floor, so when the inevitable sinking of the floor takes place, this fillet sinks with it and covers the crack which would otherwise show between, and which in time would be filled with dust.

Picture rails and door architraves are often dust traps, but the sections shown in Diagrams Nine and Ten are quite free from objections to be raised on this score. Diagram Eleven gives some idea of the effect produced by using these skirtings, picture rails and architraves. It is necessary that all carving or other raised ornament or enrichment intended for our rooms should be carefully considered to see what work will be entailed in keeping it free from

INTERESTING PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSES

dust. The horizontal ledges of all paneling and framing should be rounded, beveled or chamfered with the same object in view, and it is good to contrive a little rounded skirting or block in such a way as to fill the corner formed by the meeting of the string tread and riser of every stair.

The "adzed" beams in the ceiling of the living room at "St. Brighids" have been painted white. Had they been left dark, say the natural color of the wood, the effect, with the white walls and the room a low one, would have been that these beams would have been too insistent. A dark ceiling in a room whose walls are equally dark may have a very pleasant effect; or a dark ceiling in a very high room, even with light walls, may look well; but a dark ceiling in a room as low as this one would assert itself too much. As a matter of fact, the slight play of light and shade on the tooled surfaces of these beams is not lost at all by their being whitened. The color scheme throughout the whole house is white for walls, ceilings and all fireplaces. Touches of bright peacock blues, greens and purples in rugs and upholstery, and dark oak furniture have a pleasing effect in conjunction with the ceilings and walls showing in the one case the beams and joists, and in the other the texture of brickwork.

The interior of "Briarside" has cream as the basis of its color scheme and cream quarry tiles (unglazed) are used for the fireplaces.

The semi-detached houses at Hampstead are given as an example of those designed with their principal windows away from the road, because they thus obtain a more pleasant and sunny outlook, but at the same time they are planned to secure another window overlooking the road.

Because it had proved itself to produce a very warm and damp resisting wall, costing less than would any other in that neighborhood, we revived a local tradition and built the walls of the house at Newton, near Cambridge, of sun-dried clay batts. In size they were eighteen inches by nine inches by six inches, and they were formed in tempered clay mixed with straw,—similar bricks, possibly, to those the Egyptians forced the Israelites to make, only those captives were compelled to make theirs without straw, which it would appear added to their difficulties and labors.

In the houses at Matlock in Derbyshire, the hall lobby customary in a house of this size has been done away with, and this space added to the room, and (I hope it will be felt) without any loss of comfort but with gain in character.



TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET

IN our general work of house planning we are frequently requested to design a house for a lot of definite frontage.

We have selected this month a plot in the middle of a block and a corner plot of the average size (60 x 150) on which is required to build the better class structure adjusted to the environment. The two Craftsman houses shown this month illustrate the

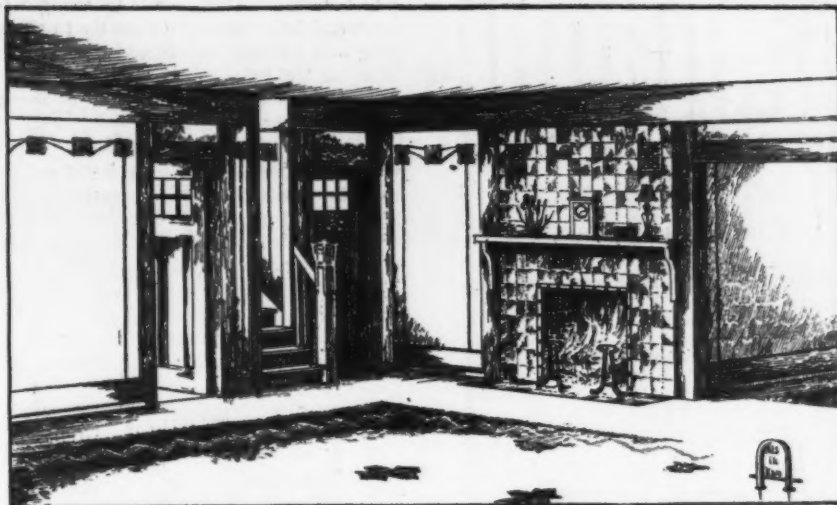
working out of these definite problems. The restrictions usually limit the building line to within forty feet of the front street, fifteen feet of the side street, and five feet of the side line, and one is not permitted to build a one-story bungalow.

A plot of the size selected affords sufficient room for the keeping of poultry and the raising of vegetables, fruits and berries of many varieties in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the family. This may be accomplished by giving to the work only



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: FRAME CONSTRUCTION WITH CEMENT STUCCO ON METAL LATH: NO. 113.

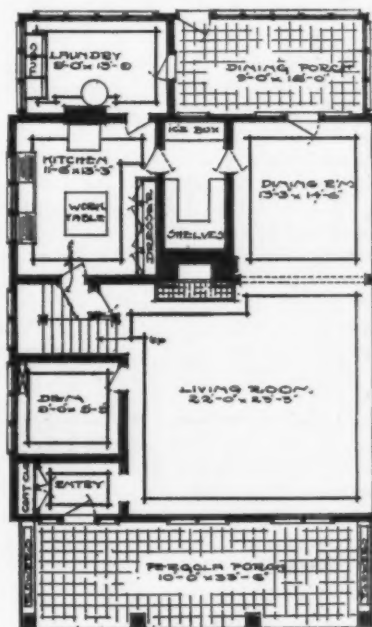
CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET



LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 113, SHOWING FIREPLACE-FURNACE AND STAIRWAY.

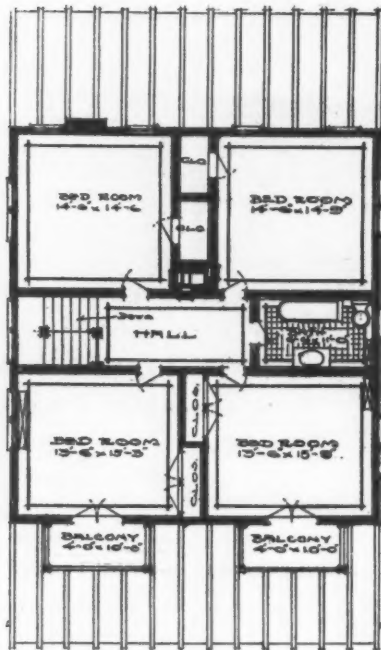
a little time each day, a few regular hours.

Intensive farming has long been practiced by people of other nations, but the idea seems to prevail in this country that in order to produce satisfactory results one must have a real farm with all the expensive machinery and paraphernalia recommended by catalogues and farm journals. Unless it is desirable to make a business of farming, a plot of this size affords ample opportunity for the development of latent farm energy, besides the production of fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables by personal effort adds much to the zest of eating them, as well as broadening our vision of life by bringing us in closer contact with nature. The arrangement and selection of vegetables, berries and trees on the two plots shown are merely suggestive. They may be varied to suit different needs, and to those of us who are not familiar with the varieties best adapted to their location, we would suggest that reference be made to Government and State bulletins on agriculture. These bulletins are free and cover the entire field of animal and plant life, with recommendations for those best suited for each locality.



HOUSE NO. 113: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET



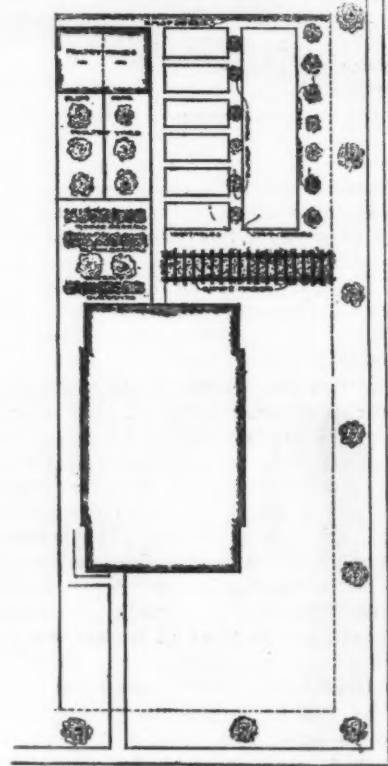
HOUSE NO. 113: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Dwarf fruit trees of all varieties have recently been developed. These are especially ornamental, produce quantities of fruit and are well adapted to the city plot, since they make little shade and occupy small space. A plot developed in this way will add much to the comfort of the home, its attractiveness will largely increase the opportunity of disposing of it and incidentally add several hundred dollars to the selling price.

The two houses shown this month are of frame construction with cement stucco on metal lath for exterior walls and dull red rough slate for roofs. Cement stucco is one of the best forms of exterior construction. It is usually applied on metal lath over wood sheathing. This method has caused much trouble and expense, as the stucco will crack and eventually fall off. We have found that a stronger wall and one which

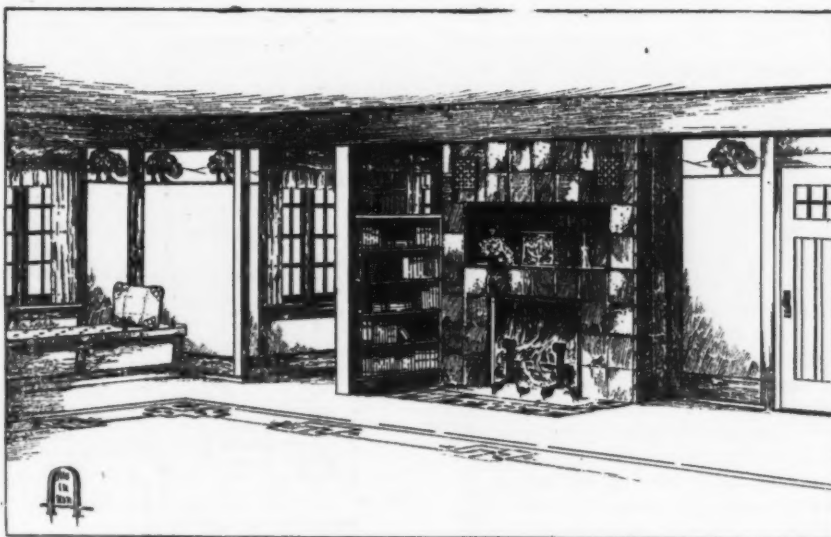
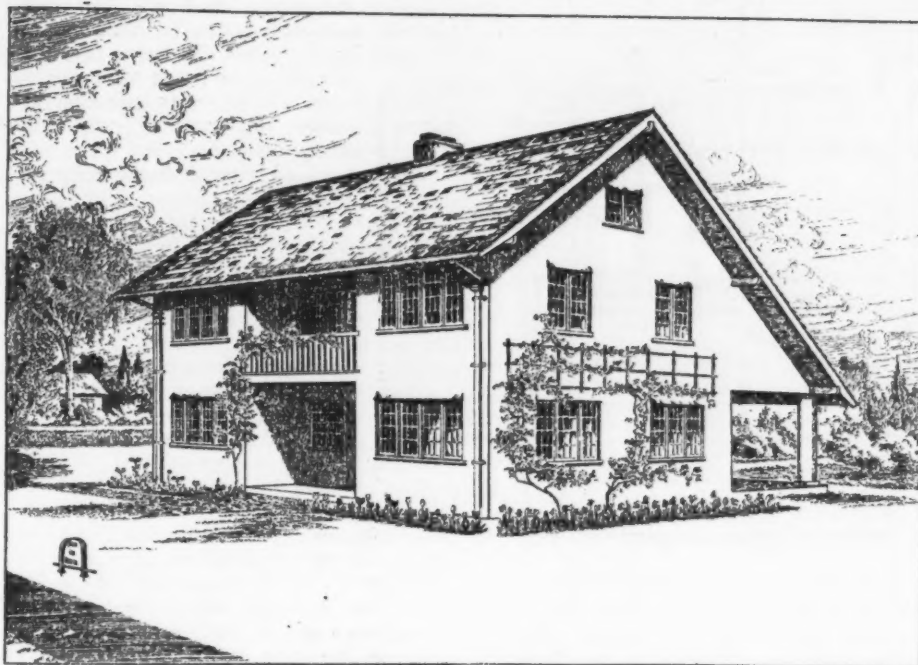
will not crack can be made by using a heavier metal lath, nailing it directly to the studing and putting the cement mortar on both sides of the lath. This method costs more, but it eliminates repairs and is therefore much cheaper in the end.

Window details have been carefully worked out so that the exterior wood casing may be omitted. This, together with the little cement hoods over windows and doors, gives the impression of a solid cement house instead of the plastered effect usually obtained where the casing and half-timbers are nailed on. The stucco can be stained to any desired color to harmonize with the surroundings—the stain being mixed into a



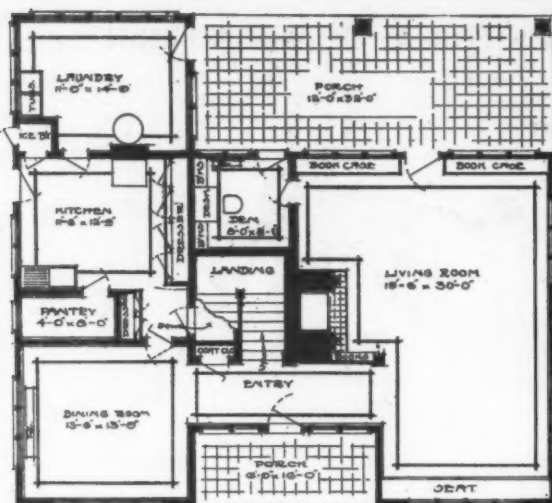
HOUSE NO. 113: GROUND PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 114: FRONT ELEVATION AND VIEW OF LIVING ROOM.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET



HOUSE NO. 114: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

waterproofing compound—thus serving the two purposes with one application.

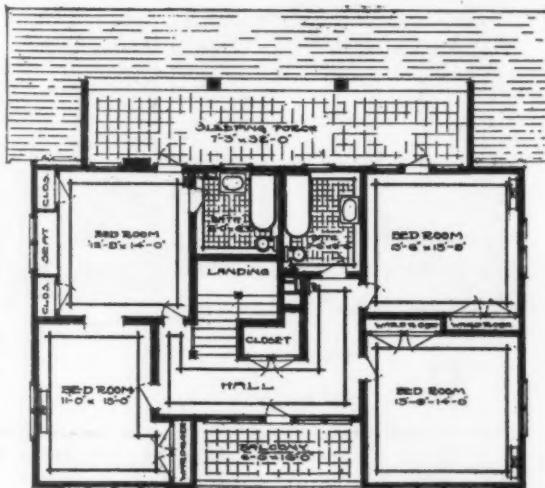
HOUSE No. 113, designed for a corner plot, has a most interesting roof. The main rafters end at the plate and may be made of spruce, hemlock or any inexpensive wood, while the exposed rafter ends are of yellow pine. These are placed directly over the main rafters, starting about 3 feet back of the plate and so milled as to be perfectly flat where exposed; they also serve to break the straight line of the roof. The chimney is carried up full size and, being in the center of the house, forms an interesting ending for the four corners of the roof. The rough red slate and the various colors of dull red, gray and blue of the split field stone make a beautiful combination of color and rustic effect. The two balconies and the various groups of windows, the broad veranda with its cement floor and the end flower boxes which serve at the same time as screens, complete the exterior features.

In the layout of the rooms we have had in mind the particular requirements of a family living in the suburbs. The entrance is through a vestibule, in which is located the coat closet. The large living room, den or workroom, dining room,

kitchen and laundry with rear veranda, are on the first floor. On the second floor are four large bedrooms and bath. This house is heated with a Craftsman fireplace-furnace. The living room, dining room and two rear bedrooms are heated by warm air, while the other rooms have hot-water heat supplied from the fireplace-furnace.

We have located the laundry on the first floor, as it will serve as a summer kitchen during the hot days and also is a suitable place for preparing vegetables, canning of fruit, etc. The rear porch may be screened for use as an open-air dining room in the summer, and the screens can be replaced with sash, and used as a sun room during the winter months.

The floors throughout the house are of maple, the trim of the first story being of chestnut and the second gumwood. The treatment of these woods is most interesting, and is a subject we believe less understood than any other connected with house building. A weak solution of vinegar and iron rust is first applied to the maple; after this has developed, two coats of shellac should be applied and sandpapered, then a coat of liquid wax or wood finish is applied. This produces a beautiful gray-brown color of neutral tone and is per-



HOUSE NO. 114: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

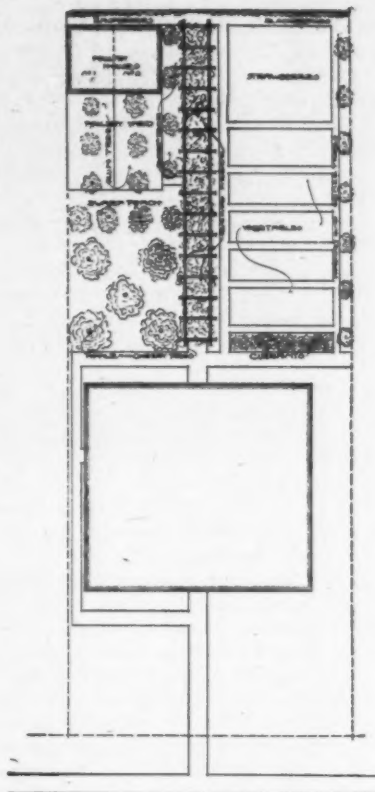
CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET

manent. The chestnut is finished to a nut brown color, by applying one coat of stain, which contains at once the finish and the stain. One coat of the same stain is applied to the gumwood with green stain instead of brown as the predominant color. This gives a beautiful two-toned effect of brown and green. The plastered walls are finished with the same stain, varying, of course, the colors to suit one's own taste, and the walls can be decorated, as shown in the interior illustration, by stenciling. A touch of individuality can be given the house, by the owner designing his own motif in decoration, and having stencils made at small cost.

HOUSE No. 114, while planned for a middle lot, is even more interesting than the design for the corner plot. The exterior of this house is of the same materials as House No. 113 and is treated in the same way, but the designs are so different that they may be built on adjoining lots and be in perfect harmony. The recessed porches on the front and the large sleeping balcony on the rear are interesting exterior features. The floor plans are worked out with the idea of economy in space, and yet nothing has been sacrificed in comfort or convenience. In this case the living room and dining room are separated by the entry; no vestibule has been provided, as the entrance door is well protected by the recessed porch. The coat closet and stairs are located in the entry, and the fireplace is screened from view by bookshelves built in between the supporting posts of the overhead beams.

As a matter of economy in piping, the chimney, where the Craftsman fireplace-furnace is used, is located as near the center of the house as possible. This entire house can be properly heated with warm air, or as we have shown, the living room, main bath and the upper hall may be heated with warm air, and the other rooms with hot water, both being supplied from the fireplace. With either method the fireplace-furnace will supply sufficient fresh air to ventilate the house properly with doors and windows closed.

The large living room is open on three sides; it has a direct opening on the rear veranda, and with its built-in bookcases and seat makes a most delightful and commodious room for all seasons of the year. The den or workroom communicates directly



HOUSE NO. 114: GROUND PLAN.]

with the living room and rear veranda, and here, too, built-in bookcases and a desk add to comfort and coziness. Ample closet and pantry room are provided in the kitchen, and a built-in ice box with outside door for putting in ice is planned. The laundry is entirely open, being arranged so that it may be screened in the summer and glazed in the winter. This also serves as a summer kitchen and, since the heating plant is located in the fireplace, the cellar may be omitted entirely, or if excavated, will be an excellent place for the storage of fruits and vegetables.

The recessed balcony built in under the roof is a delightful addition to the rooms on the second floor. Two of the bedrooms are arranged so that they may be used *en suite*, with a private bath. Another bath has been provided and is accessible from the hall, and the rooms on both sides communi-

THE OPEN HEARTH FIRE

cate directly with the sleeping porch. This porch is built onto the rear roof in the form of a dormer, the ends being left closed as a screen. The rear wall is entirely open, the roof being supported on posts.

Maple floors are used throughout the house, with plain oak as the trim for the first floor, and red gumwood for the second floor. Walls and ceilings are plastered, being finished without plaster of Paris, and troweled down to a smooth surface with a steel trowel. By finishing the plaster in this way it dries out to soft gray color and shows almost the texture of a sand finish. A thin coat of stain brushed over forms a beautiful background for stenciling or other methods of hand decoration.

The selection of woods for interior trim in these two houses is merely suggestive. The owner should make use of native woods to the fullest possible extent. A great many varieties of woods are used for trim and almost every section has one or more native woods suitable for interiors.

Oak, ash, chestnut, cypress, birch, maple, gum pine and redwood are most generally used. The woods of strong fiber, such as ash, oak, chestnut and cypress are best suited for living room, dining room, hall, den or those rooms subjected to more or less hard usage. Those of finer texture and less decided markings are better suited for bedrooms, or those rooms which would require a daintier style of furnishing. Any of these woods may be used and if properly stained and finished to bring out their sturdy individuality and beauty, will blend with and add a charm to the decorations of the rooms, quite impossible to secure with painted surfaces. They will produce an effect of completeness which does away with the need of elaborate decoration and furnishing, and make for simplicity in the house.

THE OPEN HEARTH FIRE: BY STANLEY S. COVERT

THE genuine hearth fire,—not a bunch of imitation logs made of iron and asbestos with a sickly blue gas flame, but honest oak or birch sticks blazing on the andirons,—how cheery it is and how reminiscent of the camp-fire you enjoyed last summer on the lake shore or beside the trout stream, when the evening air grew chilly. It appeals to something elemental in human nature and so, although architectural styles may change and many

improvements may and will be made in house construction, the fireplace will retain its place in the hearts of all true home builders for many generations to come.

The comfort and joy of an open hearth fire need not be regarded as a luxury, beyond the reach of the modest house builder; it is within the reach of anyone who can afford to build a house at all. For you must have at least one chimney and that can be planned so as to give at least one fireplace, say in the living room or dining room, and in either or both of these rooms it is of great value, not only in giving the room a homelike and substantial effect and a charm that is perhaps indefinable but very real, but it also is important as a ventilator and equalizer of temperature. Always at work, whether there is a fire in the fireplace or not, it is drawing out from the lower part of the room the colder and more impure air and replacing it with the warmer air from the upper part of the room. It is true that to do this it must draw in as much air as it exhausts, and it will do this; it will assist the warm air to enter from the register if the room is heated from a warm-air furnace.

Have a fireplace in one or two of the bedrooms if possible. In case of sickness it will be invaluable as a ventilator and during convalescence the cheery glow and warmth of the fire will afford interest and diversion for the invalid during long and weary hours.

Have a fireplace that will not smoke. This may seem a difficult thing, as the art of building fireplaces is largely unknown to the builders of today. But the architect knows, or should know, that to make a successful fireplace is merely a matter of the proper fashioning of throat and smoke chamber and the right proportioning of the flue to the fireplace opening. It is a good plan when building a fireplace, to provide it with a damper for the control of the draft and ventilation; there may be times also when it is desirable to shut off the draft altogether and the damper will enable you to do this any time it may be necessary.

In the treatment or design of the fireplace let simplicity rule. The charm of the fireplace is the fire and its associations; therefore, it should look its purpose, which is to burn logs, and the andirons should be of a substantial design of wrought-iron or brass. It is a mistake to make the fireplace or mantel overelaborate, and the simple examples of our own Colonial period are good models to follow.

SUMMER COTTAGE OF CONCRETE AND STONE



A SUMMER HOME OF STONE AND CONCRETE: BY M. E. N.

WHEN we decided to build a summer home, we found it necessary to come to another decision at once—where should it be built? We wanted to change from salt air, so it must be inland, but whether in the woods, the mountains, or just “country” had still to be determined. The mountains lured, and the charm of a certain mountain lake in particular almost forced our favor, but one consideration turned the balance against it. Beautiful as the surroundings were, the high altitude and dense forest made it practically impossible to raise either vegetables or flowers there. Next to seeing a child grow, there is nothing more fascinating than to watch the growth of a plant of one's own planting. We decided for the “open country.”

The place actually selected was a large lot, 190x200 feet, on the shores of a beautiful inland lake, in a fruit and farming section. The altitude, while only about 700 feet, was a decided change from sea level. There was a gorge on one side of the lot with a thick growth of trees and a fringe along the water front of willows, elms, oaks, locusts and walnuts. The rest of the lot was a steep sloping meadow. We planted fruit and shade trees at once. It is said that New York State alone has eighteen hundred small lakes.

DR. NICHOLS' COTTAGE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

Locations like ours can be found throughout the State, and can be obtained at reasonable prices. Many can be leased for long periods, if one does not care to buy.

The lot secured, we began to plan our home. Oh, the delight of planning it! Here should be the big window with its ample cushioned seat, just where the view of the long sweep up the lake was the loveliest! There should be the fireplace, with the inglenook and the built-in bookcase beside it! Even the kitchen was a fascinating problem in plumbing and convenient closets.

When we had decided just how we wanted the house, we submitted our plans to a competent architect to make sure that they were practicable, to find out the probable expense, to have suggestions in regard to proportions, and to have definite work-



SIDE VIEW OF DR. NICHOLS' COTTAGE.

SUMMER COTTAGE OF CONCRETE AND STONE



BOATHOUSE UNDER THE COTTAGE.

ing plans made. Let me, here and now, pay my tribute of gratitude to that architect. She—it was *she*—with a skill and interest that made us forever her debtor, developed our crude drawings into working plans without robbing us of one cherished nook or cubby hole; kept the expense down to our possible figure, and gave us plans that local workmen were able to follow. With these excellent plans, it was possible to employ a local builder, which greatly reduced the expense. The workmen in rural districts are usually men of much greater intelligence than those who do similar work in the city, where the division of labor is more strictly enforced, while their wages are about half as much as those demanded by the city workmen. Then, too, they take a personal interest in the work, and not being bound by cast-iron contracts, will make small changes in the plan, if desired to do so, and even suggest changes as a result of their experience, to the advantage of the owner.

We had decided to build in the English cottage style, and stone and plaster (cement) were the materials needed. We felt that these materials had

many advantages over wood. The soft grays and browns lend themselves delightfully to the green of grass and trees; vines may climb up the side of such a house without fear of rot or dampness, and the walls are impervious alike to summer's heat and to winter's cold. While it makes an ideal summer home, it can be made an all-the-year-round dwelling at comparatively little extra expense, and this was a consideration of weight in selecting it.

Instead, however, of covering the whole surface with plaster, we built to the top of the first story doors and windows with stone. This was not quarried stone, or even boulders, or cobbles; it was a flat glacial limestone, which, when laid up "dry"—that is with no pointing or mortar appearing on the surface—has exactly the effect of the stonework seen in the English Lake regions. This stone was drawn from the neighboring fields, and cost 85 cents per perch, measured in the wall. The great pillars supporting the porch and the outside chimney were also of this unhewn stone.

The upper walls of the house are of concrete plaster on wire lath. The half-timbered effect is made by a wooden framework. Under the porches, however, there are some walls of solid concrete, and where the timber supporting these walls appear on the surface they are honest half-timbers.

Concrete is the most adaptable of building materials, for, though as solid as native stone when hardened, it is perfectly mobile when first mixed, and, consequently, can be

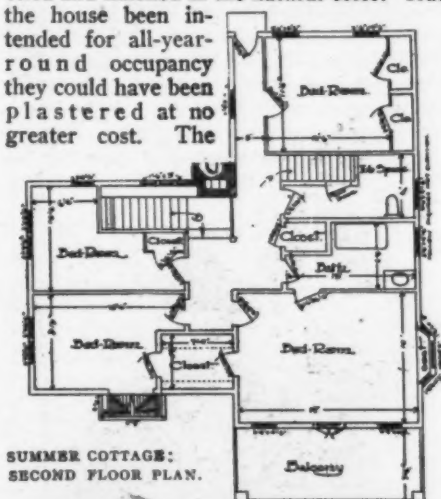


CONSTRUCTION DETAIL OF THE COTTAGE.

SUMMER COTTAGE OF CONCRETE AND STONE

used in a great variety of ways. In our house it was used for the hearthstone, the doorstep, the porch rail, and all the many steps necessitated by the location of the house on a side hill. Where it was necessary to have a retaining wall it was built of concrete and rubble, which was left from the house wall. It is as substantial as native rock and overgrown with vines and banked with flowers is a thing of beauty as well. A spring of delicious water, which was struck in digging the cellar, was piped into a concrete tank.

On the inside of the house the plaster was put directly upon the stone wall and has not collected dampness, or become discolored. The upper rooms are ceiled and the wood is oiled and finished in the natural color. Had the house been intended for all-year-round occupancy they could have been plastered at no greater cost. The

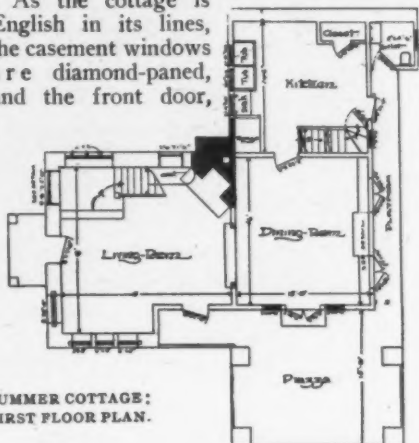


SUMMER COTTAGE:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

woodwork in the lower part of the house is stained a soft green, while the ceiling overhead is gray, with boxed beams, stained brown.

As the stone wall does not rise the whole of the first story, but only to the tops of the doors and windows, it forms a broad ledge inside the living room about eight feet from the floor. So far from being a blemish, this is one of the attractive features of the house. On the side over the long window-seat it is boxed in and forms cubby holes for pillows and magazines, but on the other sides of the room it remains a broad shelf, and is decorated with bits of pewter, brass and quaint old china. The thickness of the stone wall—eighteen inches—makes the many windows deeply recessed, and these recesses are made into cushioned window seats.

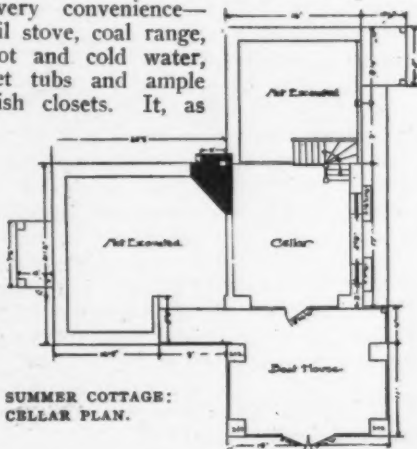
As the cottage is English in its lines, the casement windows are diamond-paned, and the front door,



SUMMER COTTAGE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

which is really at the side as the house fronts the lake, opens directly on the ground in true English fashion. Inside, the rooms, though few in number, are large and convenient. The living room is twenty feet square, and the dining room, which is raised by two shallow steps above the living room and separated from it only by half-partitions, is fifteen feet square. There is a fireplace in the corner of the living room next to the dining room, which is flanked on one side by the inglenook, on the other by the built-in bookcases of our earliest dreams. The stairs go up from another corner, and a large window with its cosily cushioned seat fills an entire side of the room.

Both the living and dining rooms open upon a large porch, the latter by French windows. The kitchen is fitted up with every convenience—oil stove, coal range, hot and cold water, set tubs and ample dish closets. It, as



SUMMER COTTAGE:
CELLAR PLAN.

THE NEW DAHLIA

well as the rest of the house, is lighted with electricity. It is, of course, not always possible to have running water and electricity in a country house, but we were fortunate enough to be within reach of both.

On the second floor are four roomy bedrooms, each with a comfortable closet, cross ventilation and a view of the water from at least one window; two of the bedrooms open on balconies. There are two bathrooms, each fitted with porcelain tub, seat and washbowl. There is also a good-sized storeroom, and a roomy garret furnishes extra space for storing things and tempers the summer heat.

"And what," do you ask, "did it cost?" Its actual cost was about three thousand dollars, but that statement needs explanation. Our original plan was to have a boathouse under the cottage. This necessitated a deep excavation as the slope of the hill was sharp at this point. During the excavation springs and quicksand were found, and the expense greatly increased. This in turn necessitated a wall of unusual thickness, which also added considerably to the expense. It is, therefore, fair to say that the house alone cost less than twenty-five hundred dollars.

THE PRINCE AND THE MIGNONETTE

THE Prince was to visit the garden and choose his bride from among the flowers. Great were the preparations for his coming. Pansies shone brighter, Lilies grew whiter, Hollyhocks stood on tip-toe, Tuberoses were dizzy with fragrance.

Little Mignonette, knowing there was no possibility of the Prince noticing her among the gay company of court beauties, made no especial effort, but hurried here and there, helping all the others to perfect their beauty.

When the Prince arrived, each flower stood in her allotted space, conscious of her beauty, well satisfied with face and form. The Prince admired, but did not choose. A whiff of perfume, sweet and haunting, stayed his searching step.

"Show me the flower of exquisite sweetness," commanded the Prince. But before the shy, modest little Mignonette could be brought before the Prince, he had flown to her, and bowing low, said:

"Thou art sweet, oh, wondrous sweet. Thou art lovely beyond compare. Wilt thou come and dwell with me?"

THE NEW DAHLIA: ITS DEVELOPMENT, BEAUTY AND METHOD OF GROWTH: BY GRACE ASPINWALL

THE dahlia is now the greatest rival of the chrysanthemum and quite as much interest centers about it as about the lovely Japanese flower, like which it is an abnormal development of an unprepossessing and insignificant blossom. But the dahlia stands all by itself when it comes to susceptibility and adaptability, for no flower known to horticultural science will so readily respond to the devices of mankind or reflect so many wonderful colors that are entirely foreign to its original tones. In fact, the dahlia has been made to bloom in every known color, with almost magical variations and vagaries. It shows the same responsive nature in the matter of form, and from a small single-petaled blossom it has become a wonder of multitudinous petals of many shapes and arrangements. It responds so



THE JACQUES WELKER OR SHOW DAHLIA.

quickly to the designs of man that there seems to be no end to the strange and mysterious things that can be done with this flower.

Its development has aroused more interest of late years than that of any other blossom among amateur horticulturists, for its changing aspects are a fascinating study, and those who start out quite mildly as dahlia

THE NEW DAHLIA



GROWING DAHLIAS AGAINST TRELLISES.

growers become so enchanted with the "intelligence" of the flower that they soon become eager and ardent cultivators.

Dahlia societies have been formed all over the world, and one of the largest and most interesting is in Boston. It is called the New England Dahlia Society, and each year its dahlia exhibit at Horticultural Hall in Boston is a sight to interest even the most listless spectator.

This flower is what may be called a new flower, though it has been so long a decoration of old-fashioned gardens. It is native to Central America and Mexico, and to no other region of the world. It was taken to Europe in 1802, and was named after the

Swedish botanist Dahl. In its native state it is invariably small, single and of a dull red color with a dull yellow center and it is from this unprepossessing blossom that all the recent Arabian Nights' wonder of bloom and glory of color have come.



THE CACTUS DAHLIA.



THE DECORATIVE DAHLIA.

When the dahlia was introduced into France in the early part of the nineteenth century it was made double and for ever so many years it remained the same chubby flower, scarcely larger than a silver dollar in size, with "little, round, stupid petals carved out of soap in regular pompons," as Maeterlinck describes it, and revealing but half-dozen colors. But about ten years ago

THE NEW DAHLIA



A CHRYSANTHEMUM DAHLIA.

horticulturists commenced to experiment with the dahlia in earnest and it responded so willingly that the experimenters were enchanted. Then the great world-wide interest in the flower was started, and now it would be almost impossible to enumerate the tones and tints and shadings that have been made to gleam from its petals. The petals themselves are no longer merely "round stupid things carved from soap," but are so varied and so strange that seeing some of the new dahlias for the first time one would never suspect their humble ancestry. They have been made to grow like a chrysanthemum, like the flower of the cactus, like daisies, like geraniums and cosmos; they are black and fawn, blue and purple, green and gray, and again of such strange freakish mixtures and variations that the effect is like the work of man and not of Nature. Some appear with each wonderful petal tinted just on the edge with a vivid line of color, others are streaked with lines, or again blotched in such a way that the flower looks as if it had been splashed with dye.

There is no end to these extraordinary effects, and at each exhibition there is regularly a freak department where the tricks that the flowers play are displayed, for these developments are not always the design of man, but often the whims of the flowers themselves, which appear to be mischievous and prankish for the amusement of mankind.

Dahlias are now divided into six classes

or types, and are so exhibited. They are Show dahlias, Decorative dahlias, Cactus dahlias, Pompon or Lilliputian dahlias, Semi-double dahlias and Single dahlias, and the Single class is divided into the Collarette, the Anemone and Giant-flowering, all of which are singularly attractive.

The Show dahlia is large and ball-shaped, with quilled and fluted petals. The blossoms average from three to four inches in diameter, and to be perfect must not show the center.

The Pompon dahlia is like the Show dahlia, except that it is smaller, a perfect flower being not larger than a fifty-cent piece.

The Cactus dahlia is star-shaped, with long, narrow petals which are sometimes fluted and sometimes twisted. It resembles the chrysanthemum and has more varieties than any other form.

The Decorative dahlia is a form between the Cactus and the Show dahlia. It has flat petals, some long and some sharp and pointed. This is a rather new type, and has the largest flower of any. The variety known as Fireburst often measures ten inches in diameter. The only lavender dahlia is found



THE W. W. RAWSON DAHLIA.

in this class. It is called the "W. W. Rawson" and has a distinct new color and formation.

The Collarette dahlia is an interesting new variety. It is single and a dark red, with a yellow disk surrounded by a row of

THE NEW DAHLIA



A GARDEN OF DAHLIAS UNDER INTENSIVE CULTIVATION.

very small white petals, which has the appearance of a collar.

The Anemone-flowered dahlia and the Giant Single are two more interesting varieties, but the latest and most beautiful introduction is the Holland peony dahlia, the plants of which grow six feet or more in height and bear gigantic long-stemmed flowers.

Within the last year something new has been discovered in connection with the dahlia, and this is that the bulb or tuber forms a delicious and nutritious food staple. It is now being grown for this purpose and some very up-to-date hotels already have dahlias served on the menu.

The flavor of the tuber as a vegetable is warm and spicy, resembling a radish as nearly as anything, only it is more substantial, and may be eaten either cooked, or raw in salad form; when cooked it is usually fried in olive oil or butter with a little curry powder added at the last. It is very tempting. Thus it will be seen that a great garden of glorious flowers may be raised during the summer and in the autumn when the flowers are faded, the tubers may be gathered as an additional vegetable crop.

The variety, however, which is best grown for food is the common, red, single dahlia, for although the bulbs of the more beautiful varieties are quite as desirable for food, they would be too expensive for table purposes. When they are grown as vegetables they should be planted from seed, the bulbs will then be ready for gathering as early as August.

It is rumored that a delicious cordial can be distilled from the flowers, and that it will

retain the color of the variety from which it is made.

The New England Dahlia Society, which is the most active in the world, and gives the most interesting exhibitions, was founded in November, 1906, with twenty charter members; it now numbers nearly a thousand, with increasing membership.

Mr. Henry F. Burt is the President. The Society publishes a monthly magazine, called *The Dahlia News*, which is given over entirely to the subject of this one flower.

The dahlia craze has now attracted so much public attention and there is such a market for the bulbs and seeds that many women have of late taken up dahlia growing as a livelihood. It is one of the simplest and easiest methods of making money as well as one which may be delightful pastime. It is so easy to create new forms and colors that any grower is apt to become an enthusiast. By simple methods of disbudding, pruning and fertilizing one may get remarkable results, and it is not unusual to find from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty perfect flowers on a single plant at one time, so prolific is the dahlia as a bloomer. The flowers are very lasting, even more so than the chrysanthemum, and they are now being eagerly sought for decorative purposes.

The seeds when gathered in the fall should be carefully dried, then sown about March first in the house. A little later, if possible, they should be transplanted into a cold frame in small pots, and the sash lifted during the day to make the plants more hardy. These plants should be set outdoors about May fifteenth, and by a careful treat-

BEAUTY IN A KITCHEN GARDEN

ment of watering and manuring every one of the plants started from seeds should flower the first season, often as early as August fifteenth. The result of such planting is most surprising. Not only will the seeds gathered from a single variety produce different colors with almost every plant, but also different types.

In planting dahlias, people often make the mistake of allowing too many sprouts to grow on a single root. It is well to start the root before it is put into the ground, and just as soon as the different eyes appear the root should be cut up so that each tuber will have but a single eye. The root should be placed in a hole or trench four inches deep, but no manure should be put into the soil at planting time, or, in fact, at any time during the spring.

After the plant appears the soil should be stirred at least twice a week throughout the season. Only one stalk should be allowed to grow, and all leaves appearing up to a height of a foot should be removed in order to allow a free circulation of air at the base of the plants. If a bush form is desired, pinch out the main stalk when it is fifteen inches high, but it is better to allow the plant to grow in the natural way and to prune out extra growth.

Disbudding is not absolutely necessary, but will help to increase the size of the flowers. Disbudding means to allow only a single bud on each flowering stem to mature.

Dahlias may be had late into October if the plants are protected from frost. Many growers erect tents which can be closed over the flowers at night; others protect the plants during the night with smoke created by burning sawdust saturated with kerosene.

I know of a bed of chrysanthemum dahlias that grew in one season to a height of at least eight feet. They could almost be seen growing as they so quickly uplifted their stems, unfolded their leaves and shook out their many-hued marvelously varied blossoms.

And now that we have the heavy lead "turtles" to put in the bottom of a vase, as a balance and support to their heavy weight, we can arrange them beautifully in the house, so that they can glow from mantel or table, with their suggestion of memorable sunsets.

The dahlia is essentially the busy person's flower. It is so easily grown, so prolific in bloom and so decorative in room or garden.

SOME PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR BEAUTY MAKING IN A KITCHEN GARDEN

TO enjoy fully a garden, one must have a hand in the making of it. First comes the desire for one in the heart, then the vision or plan of it in the mind, then the actual working out of it with the hands. The labor of creating a garden ceases, in a great measure, to be considered labor, if one has a beautiful ideal of one to be worked out, detail by detail.

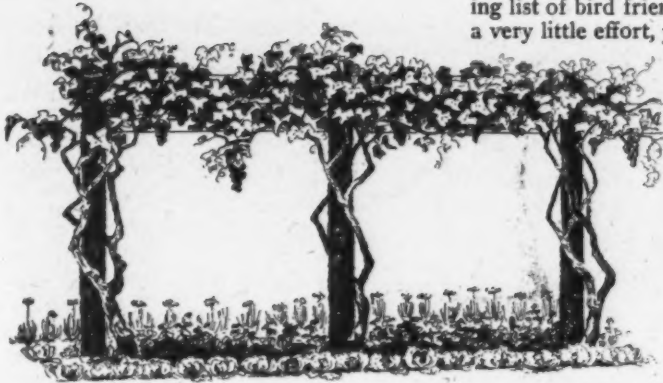


A TREE
TABLE FOR
BIRDS, OUT
OF REACH
OF THEIR
ENEMY,
THE CAT.

To make a kitchen garden a thing of beauty, instead of merely a designless patch of ground, at once endows the work of it with an especial pleasure. Plan the savory garden near the kitchen door, so the housewife can gather the parsley to garnish her dishes, the mints for the dressing or the thyme for the soup, without having to make a long and perhaps a very sunny trip to a distant garden.

A trellis can be constructed over the well curb large enough to allow a small bed of water-cress to be grown in the cool, moist corners of it. This enclosure can be used to support blackberry vines (and it is im-

BEAUTY IN A KITCHEN GARDEN



A DECORATIVE GRAPE ARBOR WITH FLOWERS PLANTED FROM POST TO POST.

possible to find a more decorative covering), instead of the usual flowering vine. Or the dense-foliaged lima bean could be made to do service on the sunny side, providing food as well as grateful shade. With summer-savory, thyme, parsley, sage and the various mints bordering the trellis-house, each on the sunny or shady side as required for their best growth, and water-cress in the interior where it finds the coolness it loves and where it can be easily watered, one has a fragrant, beautiful and exceeding useful and convenient garden to gladden the heart of those who spend long hours in the kitchen.

Within sight of the outdoor dining porch, make a table for the birds. Build it around a tree, with the supports well inside the edge of the table, so that the prowling cat can not climb up to it. And place it just beyond the possibility of a bold spring of this bird enemy. Plant vines about it, so that the birds will have the sheltered, cozy sense that makes them feel at home. Leave branches near for them to perch upon, for seldom will they make a direct flight to their tempting feast, preferring to make cautious explorations and to approach the new source of supply gradually. Hang a bit of suet or a meat-bone to a branch; scatter fine grains and bread crumbs on the table; place a shallow basin with water on one corner, and you will have the pleasure of adding the hermit thrush, fox-sparrow, thrasher, kinglet, chickadee and many others to your call-

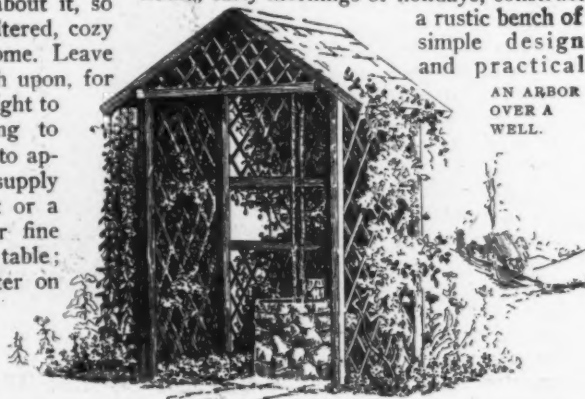
ing list of bird friends. With a little effort, a very little effort, you can have the delightful experience of feeling their scratchy little claws closing around your fingers while they eat butter from the top of a piece of bread in your hand.

A way to beautify your house as well as your garden is to shade the too sunny window with a trellis, instead of the ugly, conspicuous, striped awning usually used. The vines can be of hops, which grow luxuriantly, thus giving heavy shade as well as offering, through the window, a graceful suggestion for a table decoration in its beautiful green, pendant clusters of blossoms. Or the grape may be persuaded to climb over the trellis and exhale its incomparable fragrance of blossom and fruit, delighting the soul of the dweller in the house, as fully as the song of birds. Flowers which do not thrive under open skies, will find a place to their liking in this shady spot.

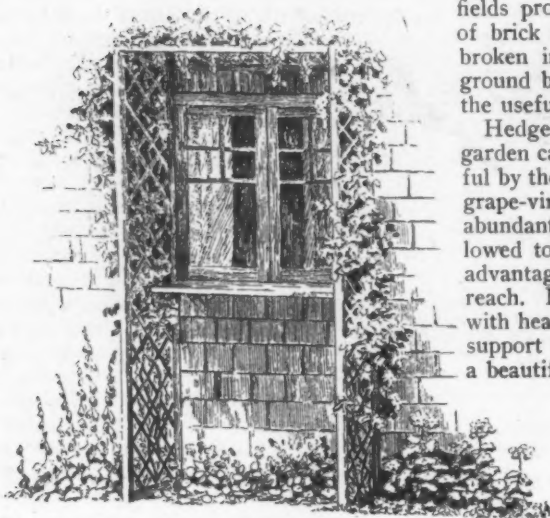
The pleasure of a walk through the woods is enhanced if the thought of one's garden is dwelling like a pleasant secret in the corner of one's mind. The wild growing things can be made to add grace to the home, if given a suitable surrounding. On your walk, select here and there a birch, alder or hickory from a group of too closely growing trees, so that the cutting of it will benefit instead of spoiling the group, and in odd hours, early mornings or holidays, construct

a rustic bench of simple design and practical

AN ARBOR OVER A WELL.



BEAUTY IN A KITCHEN GARDEN



A WINDOW ARBOR INSTEAD OF AN AWNING.

lines. Transfer the wild convolvulus and wild cucumber vine to one side of this bench, so that they will make a curtain, as it were, from the too penetrating rays of the sun. Bring home from the walk a trillium, a fringed gentian, Dutchman's pipe or any of the many exquisite flowers and ferns to be found in all woods, and transplant them near this seat. Partridge berries will make a close-growing carpet under the bench of fascinating design, color and texture. This makes an ideal sewing or reading nook full of memories of past pleasant walks and rich in suggestive ideas for future work.

Very few people know that the meadow mushroom can be taken from the fields and made to grow down the rows of the strawberry patch without interfering with the growth of the berries, thus furnishing many a meal with a dish both appetizing and nourishing. Examine the ground for several inches around a well identified mushroom and it will be seen to be permeated with a fine, white threadlike growth which is mycellium, the spawn from which mushrooms are grown. Transfer this mycellium-intersected earth to the strawberry patch and year after year it will grow and spread until it will prove a substantial part of the bed. If the hunt for this mycellium in the

fields proves too slow, spawn in the form of brick may be purchased at slight cost, broken into small pieces and set into the ground between the plants and thus hurry the usefulness of the bed.

Hedges to divide the flower and vegetable garden can be made both useful and beautiful by the judicious planting and training of grape-vines. A grape-vine will bear as abundantly trained horizontally, as if allowed to run riot over an arbor, with the advantage of having the fruit within easy reach. Rustic posts set well in the ground, with heavy wire strung from post to post to support the weight of the vines, will prove a beautiful solution of the problem of fencing a garden as well as a pleasing example of economy of space. Lettuce, radishes, young onions can be grown in the strip of ground required for the placing of the posts and vines, before the leaves of the vines are full

enough to interfere with their growth. Swiss chard, a comparatively little known but excellent variety of greens, will flourish in this bit of ground during the summer and fall until the frosts are severe enough to send the garden to its winter's rest.

A row of nasturtiums makes a suitable connecting link between the flower and vegetable garden. It not only provides the brilliant, decorative note of color that we expect from a flower, but it has also a certain right to a place among the vegetables.



A PICTURESQUE GARDEN SEAT

For its stem, finely shredded, gives spicy flavor to a salad or picnic sandwich, and its fruit makes a most acceptable and novel shaped pickle.

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE: VINES AND SHRUBS

THERE is nothing so bleak and bare and barren, no matter how rich in architectural decoration, as a dwelling apart from some touch of plant life. On the other hand, nothing can be more distressing than heedless planting around the house, an ill-chosen vegetable collection that constitutes no harmonious relationship between itself and other factors of the premises. The English cottage has always suggested to the mind's eye the very epitome of pastoral delights, dependent, when we come to think of it, not so much upon quaint architectural conceptions as upon our memory of the delightful doorway gardens, vine-clad walls, rose-hidden porches and tiny walks fringed with sweet william and candytuft. The English cottager indeed, has always seemed ready to meet his problems; even more than that,—possessed of a veritable genius for borrowing Nature's fairest decorations to enhance the beauty of his own house.

Now, however much we may find ourselves inspired by English ideas of planting around the house, we have problems of our own to meet,—atmospheric conditions and the like,—and must create our own solutions, as we seem to be doing with wonder-



COACHMAN'S COTTAGE OF THE STETSON ESTATE, STERLINGTON, N. Y.: ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT: SHRUBS FOLLOWING LINE OF BUILDING.

ing of already gloomy rooms, nor do we encourage rank shrubbery and untrimmed tree-branches to foster damp. Nevertheless we have learned the economy of effects, and if we have had to move a huge syringa bush from just in front of our cellar window, we can substitute for it a nice feathery spiraea that will exclude sunlight and which yet will give us just the note we wish at this point in the home landscape. Again, if we have found the rank luxuriance of the Virginia creeper too obtrusive for beauty, we can turn to the Boston ivy with its wonderful surface spreading qualities combined with its lightness of covering,—an easy grower in sunlight and shade.

This matter of vines is almost the first that suggests itself to one thinking of planting around the house to enhance architectural effects. The Boston ivy (*Ampelopsis tricuspidata* or *A. Veitchii*) above mentioned will thrive in almost any soil and forms an ideal vine of fan-spreading growth for covering whole walls or for introducing notes of color in green patches. It is particularly lovely in small patches against the walls of cement houses, or when grown more profusely against brick



THE JAMES SPEYER FARM BUILDINGS: ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT: PLANTING AGAINST CONCRETE WALLS.

and stone walls. For instance, we have discovered for ourselves that light and air are essential to proper living in every dwelling and that these things must not be sacrificed to others. No longer do we encourage by overluxuriant growths the shad-

ing of already gloomy rooms, nor do we encourage rank shrubbery and untrimmed tree-branches to foster damp. Nevertheless we have learned the economy of effects, and if we have had to move a huge syringa bush from just in front of our cellar window, we can substitute for it a nice feathery spiraea that will exclude sunlight and which yet will give us just the note we wish at this point in the home landscape. Again, if we have found the rank luxuriance of the Virginia creeper too obtrusive for beauty, we can turn to the Boston ivy with its wonderful surface spreading qualities combined with its lightness of covering,—an easy grower in sunlight and shade.

Probably there is no plant more abused by improper planting than the vine. Even

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE



THE SPEYER FARM BARN: ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT: SHRUBS AND VINES ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Nature in her jungle-planting is careful not to produce the *effect* of too many sorts of vines at one spot, whereas, we too often see a large number of different vines brought together without discretion, which destroys the artistic effect of the use of any portion of them and immediately suggests a botanical garden. The great danger is *overplanting* in vines,—in setting them out in every nook and corner until a house seems in a jungle. The clematis (*Clematis paniculata*) for instance, is in itself a most lovely vine for the small porch at all seasons, but more than two vines in connection with it would destroy its distinction.

Whatever one plants—and each will select the plants he likes best—the home builder should take into account the climate his vines must face in winter. He will stop to think, in selecting tender vines, whether or no it is worth while to have the enjoyment of them in summer at the cost of a front porch covered all winter with fantastic forms of straw, very entertaining to little birds, it is true, but not a particularly cheery feature in a landscape. Probably, upon reflection, the vine-grower who lives, let us say, in northern Michigan, will choose for his summer shade a hardy vine, that will withstand the winter's stress with unbundled dignity. Among these he will find the shrub-topped vines such as the old-time favorite woodbine (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*) worth considering. In passing, a word must be said in defense of one of the loveliest vines we have, the hop (*Humulus Lupulus*), an annual that has suffered the indignity of neglect far too long. There is not a vine known to horticulturists of more

vigorous grace and exquisite form and color. It is a perfect post vine. Of the shrub-topped vines, by which is meant those that are hardy and bring forth leaves on the old stems year after year, a few especially worth recommending are English ivy, wistaria, trumpet creeper, honeysuckle, wild grape, clematis, akebia, euonymus, Virginia creeper, and the false bittersweet (*Celastrus scandens*). Among those vines whose tops die down with the severity of Northern winters, to spring forth with each new season, and annuals that have to be seeded from season to season, the morning-glory, hop, Thunbergia, moonflower, scarlet runner, and moonseed may be recommended. Such vines as the large flowered clematis, *C. Jackmani*, with purple blossom and *C. Henryi*, with its creamy white blossoms, give an exquisite bit of color against a plaster wall. The honeysuckles are especially sought for their fragrance, and one could scarcely find better varieties than *Lonicera sempervirens*, *L. Japonica* and *L. Halliana*. For rapid growers *Akebia quinata* is both useful and sweet-scented. The little-tryed *Euonymus radicans* though slow of growth is one of the most beautiful vines for planting around the house, and it has been known to endure a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero without any winter protection.



THE STETSON FARM BUILDINGS: ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT.

Where the house is placed within a small lot it becomes, as properly it should, the central figure. In planting around it, this fact should always be kept in mind, for, after all, it is the sense of the importance of the house as the *home* that planting should emphasize by adding to its external indi-

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE

viduality the delights Nature can give it. Always strive to plant in such a manner that pleasant vistas from the principal windows will be maintained. In order to do this one must think of the appearance from within as well as from without. The same principle applies to entrances and porches. The illustrations accompanying this article show examples of most successful planting around the house, and bring out the relationship of plant life to architectural structure with happy results.

It often happens that the home builder is fairly successful with the problem of the sunny sides of the house but has met with disappointing failures in his attempts to grow things successfully in shaded spots. After all, this is not so hopeless a matter as he may have come to believe it would be. Indeed it is, nearly always, a question of selection. There are certain plants, however, that one may especially recommend for shaded positions and northerly exposures; in all other exposures plants thrive, under normal conditions, equally well, though best toward the south. Among the vines one recommends for porches with northern exposure are English ivy (*Hedera Helix*), hop (*Humulus Lupulus*), thorn (*Crataegus Leiodi*), honeysuckle (*Lonicera Japonica* var. *Halliana*) and clematis (*C. Virginiana*). Among flowering plants the begonias, gloxinias, fuchsias and saxifrages may always be counted on for shaded places. Salvia, too, thrives in northerly exposures. Among tall-growing perennials, *Stenanthium robustum*, with its panicles of fluffy white blossoms, is an excellent plant against the house in positions where other plants might fail; the same may be said for the polygonium and for the Italian borage. Among the shrubs, the rhododendron, the golden-leaved syringa, the hydrangea (*H. arborescens sterelis*), Indian currant, the snowball (*Viburnum*), the barberry and mountain laurel will find a welcome in shaded places around the house.

Shrubs in general take, next to vines, the chief place in planting around the house. Although most of them are hardy, they should always be afforded some winter protection such as a mulch of the leaves they drop, and very little pruning should be practiced, only those branches clipped in the spring (just before the sap comes into the stems) that seem too obtrusive, though dead wood in shrubbery as in vines should always be kept out. By careful selection one

may have the house shrubbery present a succession of bloom successively throughout the season. The following shrubs, for instance would effect this, forsythia (April), lilac (May), spiraea (June), deutzia (July), rhus (August), hydrangea (September) and hamamelis, the well-known witch-hazel (October). Of course, for each of these months this list might be supplemented with other species and varieties, and such shrubs as the Japanese rose, shrubby cinquefoil, sweet pepper, St. John's wort, red root and the *Pieris Mariana* blossom through two months. Lilacs, syringas, the snowball (the *Viburnum plicatum* of the florist), spiraeas (especially *S. Van Houttei*, *S. Thunbergii* and *S. prunifolia*), are all excellent for planting around the city house.

Again there are certain evergreen shrubs—mahonia, azalea, mountain laurel, mountain fetterbush, rhododendron and the dwarf pine (*Pinus montana*) aside from the more formal conifers (such as spruces, balsams, cedars, pines and firs in dwarf forms) that commend themselves to intimate home planting, and still another class of shrubs that go far toward brightening the fall and winter aspect of the dwelling's exterior; these are the fruit (pod) bearing shrubs among which especially to be noted are the barberry, red osier, oleaster, strawberry bush, cornelian cherry, bush honeysuckle, brambles, elder, snowberry, wayfaring tree, high cranberry, mahonia and the buckthorn.

One cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of keeping in mind the landscape gardener's point of view and not merely the horticulturist's when planting around the house; that is to say, every vine, shrub or flower must be selected, placed and trained for its relationship to the whole harmonious scheme, and not be regarded merely as an interesting plant specimen. One might, for instance, love a red geranium and yet put it in exactly the wrong place so far as its relationship to the planting scheme was concerned. Restraint, therefore, and careful thought, too, must always be exercised in every planting problem.

Certain things will in themselves suggest some of the solutions to planting around the house. For instance, ugly foundations are to be hidden, bare walls to be vine-clad, ungainly porches to be adorned, ill-turned pillars to be covered, new vistas created, unpleasant ones screened, and so on. Of course, it cannot all be done at once unless

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE

one has time, energy and assistance in accomplishing transformation; indeed, there are few things more sorrowful about gardening than planning beyond what one can possibly carry out properly. It is better to plant one shrub and bring it to perfect beauty than to plant a dozen which you have to neglect because you cannot give sufficient time to them, or afford to have anyone else care for them. Again, you must remember that once you start a thing the responsibility of its care must rest upon you, and you should be sure that your enthusiasm for your planting will last through the term of its necessities.

Perhaps one of the chief causes for failures in planting around the house rests with the inexperience of home builders in the matter of soils. One cannot expect plants to grow under the pitiless pelting of water dripping from the eaves after even occasional rainfalls. Also plants must never be put too close to a wall and young plants, in the stages of their early growth, often have to be protected from the intense heat reflected by certain sorts of stone and brick foundations exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The soil around the house should be worked deep, and be rich in humus; in fact, the bedding soil for plants around foundations requires even more attention than that out in the open garden, and not left to the chance of rubble conditions. Then one must remember that plants around the house have to be carefully watched to guard against insect pests, and once a leaf or a flower appears to be affected prompt measures must be taken to prevent a spread of

the evil. This can be accomplished by spraying with any spraying mixture a reliable nurseryman or horticulturist can furnish at small cost.

After all, almost every house has its own landscape requirements, and good taste in discovering them, patience and perseverance in carrying them out, and enthusiasm for making the home more beautiful season after season will accomplish veritable wonders, and will lend to the happiness of a home to so great an extent that the home builder will never regret the time, thought and care he may have given to the matter of planting around the house.

The value of careful thought to the matter of color in planting around the house is a very important consideration. What to plant against gray walls may, perhaps, be solved by selecting pink-flowering shrubs which, on the other hand, would be quite out of keeping against the walls of a red brick house, however lovely the shrubs might be in themselves. Likewise there are certain shades of green used for exterior painting in frame houses that scarcely permit deep purple clematis against them although the white clematis contrasts with them admirably. Indeed there are few white-flowered plants that do not harmonize or contrast properly with walls of any sort and it is better, when very much in doubt, to select such than to run the risk of placing a plant that will bring forth magenta-colored blossoms against a brown stone foundation or house wall. Finally, thought of the ultimate height plants will reach in their season must be taken when planning for planting around the house.



Albro and Lindeberg, Architects.

INTERESTING PLANTING ABOUT THE JAMES STILLMAN HOUSE AT POCANTICO HILLS, N. Y.

THE FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN



BERRIES RAISED ON TRELLISES.

THE FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN: FANCY DESSERT STRAW- BERRIES, RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES, AND HOW TO GROW THEM TO ADVAN- TAGE: BY W. H. JENKINS

THOSE who buy berries seldom know the taste of the real strawberries, raspberries, etc., and that they may grow in their own garden varieties of the sweetest and highest flavor, which may be allowed to ripen fully before picking. These varieties with ordinary culture are not profitable for the commercial grower, and berries that are shipped must be picked a little green. For most people there is no berry or fruit that can take the place of strawberries, but we cannot have them all summer. Yet after them in season we may by proper cultivation have better raspberries and blackberries than most people have ever eaten. Think of having a large dish of raspberries, Cuthberts (red) and Golden Queen (yellow), that are nearly as large as strawberries, mixed, so that they make a handsome appearance as a dessert fruit, and that are also of the highest quality of the hardy raspberries, and are luscious because left on the canes until ripe! Such berries can be easily digested by delicate and sensitive stomachs, while berries could not be safely eaten which are picked partly ripe, so they will carry well, as are the commercial berries.

The points to work for in growing the ideal strawberry are quality, size, productiveness, hardiness and color. Those who wish to grow strawberries of the highest quality, must expect to find their culture

more difficult, as they do not resist disease so well, and do not thrive so well with ordinary culture. Anyone who can grow a good crop of potatoes can grow fair crops of strawberries of the Crescent type, but, with the same culture, strawberries of the Marshall type might be a failure. William Belt, Marshall, President, Bunach and Gandy are the varieties of dessert strawberries I have grown and find most desirable. When fully ripened on the plants these are so sweet they are enjoyed with little or no sugar. When rightly grown they are fairly productive and hardy, large and attractive in color.

In this article I wish to bring out a few principles in strawberry culture upon which all successful work must be based. When planning a new bed of strawberries for home use, I would begin by learning which are the best berries that are being successfully grown in my own or a similar locality, and when I had decided which varieties I wanted, if I could not get them from a neighbor, I would order them from the nearest reliable nursery, in lots of a dozen or fifty, and set the plants in a propagating bed made in my garden where the soil is mellow and fairly rich. If one has no strawberries, it may be well to make a small fruiting bed from nursery plants, that time will not be lost in so doing. I know from an experience of over thirty years, that strong plants freshly dug grown in my own beds and rightly set when the leaves first start in the spring, will every one live and grow almost without check.

I set the plants in rows three feet apart and eighteen inches in the rows, in the propagating bed. A bed a rod or two square should furnish sufficient plants for the family strawberry bed. The first strong

THE FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN



CUTHBERT, GOLDEN QUEEN AND "BLACK CAPS."

runners that set are best. Let them cover the ground, but thin out the small and late plants so that the early plants stand a few inches apart. Every spring a new propagating bed should be set. While growing the plants prepare the soil in which to set them in the spring. The soil that is rich enough to grow a large crop of corn is rich enough for large dessert strawberries. It is needless labor and a waste to apply large quantities of stable manure to the strawberry bed, if the soil is in fairly good condition. Good drainage, plenty of humus and such good tilth that when you take up a handful of soil there are no lumps and it all crumbles in fine particles, are the main essentials. The ideal soil is clover sod, where clover has grown well the year before. If I had a plot of ground where cultivated crops such as corn, potatoes, etc., grew well the preceding year, and was fairly free from weeds, I would plow it early in the spring, apply some manure, if it were needed, and summer fallow by frequently stirring the soil with the harrow until June; then if I were satisfied clover would grow well, I would sow red clover with barley as a nurse crop. The next spring I would plow as early as the soil was dry enough to work, taking up a handful of the surface soil, and if it crumbled apart I would begin to plow. But do not plow deeper than it was plowed in former years.

I pulverize the surface soil very finely, and use a harrow, then my fine-tooth horse cultivator, with furrower attached to the rear, making the furrows twenty-four inches apart and about four inches deep.

I am now ready for transplanting. I lift the plants from my propagating bed with a spade fork, shake off part of the soil, leav-

ing on what clings to the roots, place them on the wheelbarrow and wheel them along the furrows made, setting them about eighteen inches apart in the furrows, and drawing sufficient soil around them to hold them in place. After a few are so placed I follow with a hoe, draw the soil around the plants and press it down with my feet, just even with the bottom of the stem. Every plant lives and there is little check in the growth. Two persons can do this work more advantageously than one. It is better to mix up the varieties of plants, even if you have all bisexual varieties, in order to aid pollination.

I begin cultivating between the rows soon after planting, using my cultivator narrowed down to twenty inches. If the plants are set in check rows, it can be run both ways until June, when one strong runner on each plant is bedded in the rows halfway between the plants, so they stand twenty-four by nine inches. Afterward try to cut off all runners. This plan is practically the hill sys-



WILLIAM BELT AND BRANDYWINE STRAWBERRIES.

tem, but it is possible to cultivate one way with a very narrow horse cultivator, and the other way with the hand wheel hoe. The narrow onion hoe is well adapted to working spaces between the plants not reached by the cultivators. When cultivating, all fruit buds are removed.

Frequent cultivation, removing all runners and spraying both the plants in the propagating and fruit beds, if there are any indications of blight, are some of the main essentials of success. Sometimes a high-grade commercial fertilizer may be used if the growth is not satisfactory.

After the first light freeze in the fall, place a mulch between the rows. Straw

THE FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN

free from weed seeds, or marsh hay is best. If I wished to keep the bed more than one year I would not use stable manure for mulching as it contains so many weed seeds.

The following spring the straw is easily partly raked off the plants and left between the rows. There is nothing I have found so good to add to this as green grass cut early in summer, as I like a deep mulch between the plants in the rows.

We want the best cultivated raspberries that can be grown after the strawberries are all gone. To obtain the best results there are some principles in raspberry and blackberry culture that must be understood and worked out. Plan for these in much the same way as for the strawberries. Order from the nursery in lots of one dozen, or fifty, set them in propagating beds and grow plants from them. One can make a small fruiting bed at the same time, if desired. The plants one starts at home will all grow when transplanted, with but little check, so no time will be lost in waiting. For the family garden in southeastern New York, I would select the following: Red, Cuthbert; yellow, Golden Queen; purple, Shaffer's Colossal; blackcap, Gregg and Kansas. The following is my choice of blackberries: Snyder, Eldorado and Taylor. It is well to ascertain what varieties are thriving well in one's own locality.

I would prepare the ground for them, while waiting for the plants to grow, the same as for strawberries. The clover sod is also an ideal place for them. I would prefer planting in the spring. When the plants are ready, and the soil ready for them, I would prepare the plant bed by thorough plowing and harrowing. For raspberries, furrow seven feet apart, and for blackberries, eight to ten; try to transplant before the suckers start on the plants, and set three to four feet apart in the row. The first year a cultivated crop, as corn or potatoes, can be grown between the rows. The second year let the sucker varieties fill the rows so the plants stand about one foot apart, except in one row or a part of a row where one wishes to propagate plants. If the variety has proved hardy, grow each cane in the tree form, by pinching off the top when about four feet high, and shortening the arms or



SUPPORTS FOR THE BERRY CROPS.

laterals later in the season. A support will be needed if this plan is practiced, and the one shown in the illustration is a good one. It is made by nailing arms on posts, and nailing wires to the ends. If the canes are not hardy or supports are not used, do not thin the plants so much in the rows, or shorten the canes, then they can be layered in the fall and covered to protect them. They should be grown by the narrow hedge-row system if not supported.

If you wish to grow strong, hardy canes, do not make the soil too rich in nitrogen. The canes will be more hardy on an elevation than on low rich lands. The variety and growth must decide the system of pruning. Blackberries will stand more thinning and pruning than raspberries, and the red and purple kinds of raspberries more than the blackcaps.

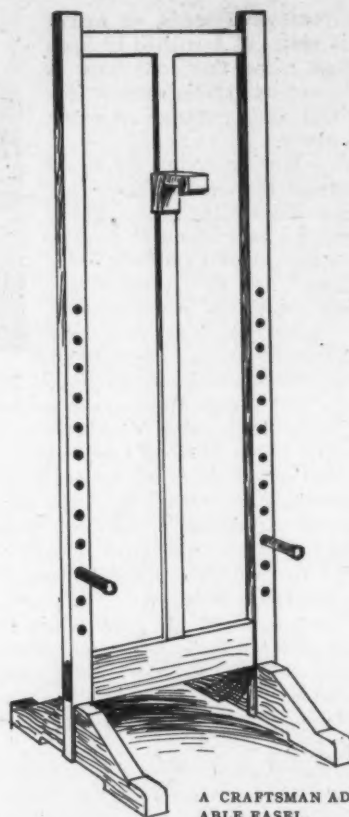
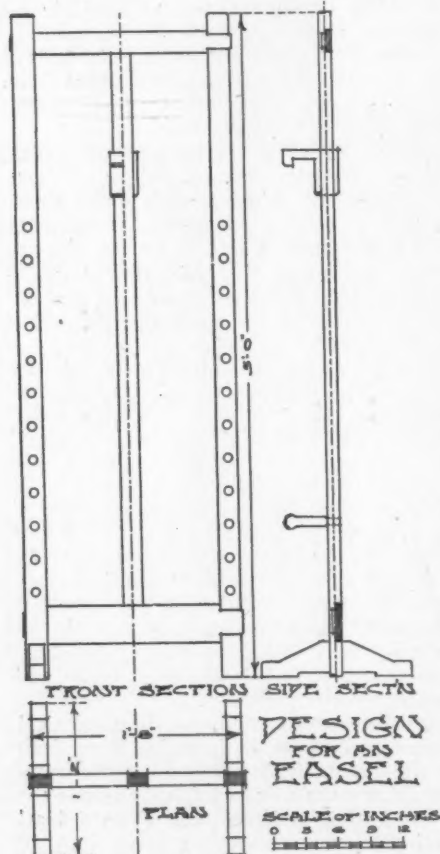
The old canes should be removed at once when a crop is harvested. This is very important, as the new canes will grow much more quickly and will harden up more and be in better shape for winter. The new canes should be pruned down when the old ones are taken out, but the thinning should be done earlier or at the time of the first cultivation, the last of May or in June. The most successful growers of cane fruits cultivate with horse cultivators and hand hoe frequently until midsummer. A heavy mulch of straw or strawy manure placed between the rows in July retains moisture, and insures a better crop.

It will be understood that the methods I have described are for growing fancy fruit in the family fruit garden, but the commercial grower will find these methods the most profitable if he has a good local market.

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK: PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR THE HOME-WORKER

THREE extremely practical pieces of furniture are offered for cabinet-workers this month, and the main thought in designing them has been their adaptability to their purpose, rather than picturesqueness of design. There is, however, always an inescapable simple dignity of proportion and line that is inherent in a sturdy straightforward well-made piece of furniture that is perfectly adapted to its use. This charm, of course, is evident in these designs, and the cabinetmaker's great aim should be to have his work as accurate and true to line as is possible in order to make the pieces really significant. Two of the designs shown are wholly practical in



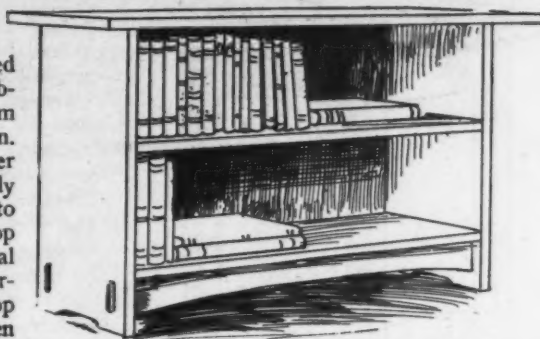
their purpose, but the book bench is decidedly novel in conception and would be most attractive in a living room or study. It would be charming if placed directly under a window, thus forming a window-seat, and the top could be made comfortable by cushions. Another good place for this bench would be at the side of a library table, where a student could have the books with which he is working within easy reach. Then again there are apt to be little empty spaces in a living room or bedroom that would be ideal for just such a piece of furniture, and it would be difficult to find a house without some corner in it where this bench would not be of service and beauty.

When finished the bench measures 3 feet 2 inches long at the top, 14 inches wide and 2 feet high. The ends are 1 foot wide. The top is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, the shelf at the bottom is $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The two lower rails are each $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, the back is $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick and the ends

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

are $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. The two lower rails are mortised through the ends, and the bottom is placed on top of the rails and glued. A rabbet is cut in the back of the bottom shelf for the back panel to rest in. The shelf is made slightly narrower than the bottom, so that it fits closely against the back, and is fitted into grooves cut into the ends. The top is fastened to the ends with the usual table irons. A cleat is placed underneath the top, against which the top of the back rests. The back is then placed in the rabbets. The backs of the ends are also rabbeted to hold the top, and the back is screwed into the rabbets. Holes are bored in the tenon of the bottom rail and dowel pins driven through, thus connecting and securely binding the complete bench together.

The easel described and illustrated here is one of the most practical pieces we have ever shown, and would be a most acceptable gift for an artist, either professional or amateur. It is firm and substantial, if conscientiously made, is stable enough to support even large canvases and is rendered adjustable by the use of pins and the sliding holder that drops onto the top of the picture. This easel measures 5 feet high and 1 foot 8 inches wide. The feet are made 14 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. The upright pieces are 2 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. The top rail is made 2 inches wide, and the lower rail is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The two uprights are mortised together with the

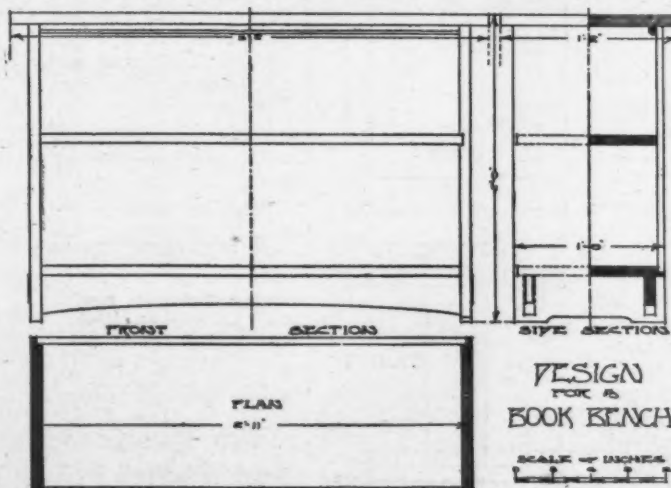


A CRAFTSMAN BOOK BENCH.

upper and lower rails, and dowel pins are driven through to bind the frame together. Each foot is made in two sections, and is fastened to the upright with dowel pins. Holes are bored into the uprights at regular intervals. Pins strong enough to support the picture are made to insert into these holes. These pins are made with a shoulder that rests against the face of the upright. In the center, connecting the top and bottom rails, is an upright that is used as a slide for the adjustable picture holder. This holder is made of three pieces of wood, one piece having the grain running one way and the other two pieces the opposite way. A holder of this shape made in any other way is apt to break. A back piece is glued to the front piece, which is made to fit around the center upright. This holder should be made large enough to slip up and down the upright easily. The tendency of the holder is,

naturally to fall to the bottom of the upright, so that when the canvas is placed on the pins inserted in the holes at the height desired, and the holder lifted and allowed to drop on top of the picture, it will be kept from tilting forward.

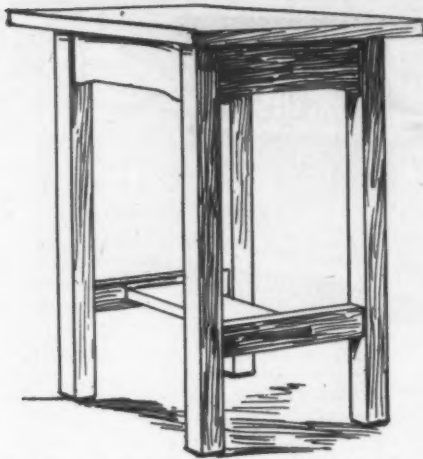
The stool we are illustrating this month is most staunchly made. It would be admirable for use as a tabouret, to support a heavy pot of flowers, or would find many uses in the working end of



DESIGN
FOR A
BOOK BENCH

SCALE OF INCHES

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

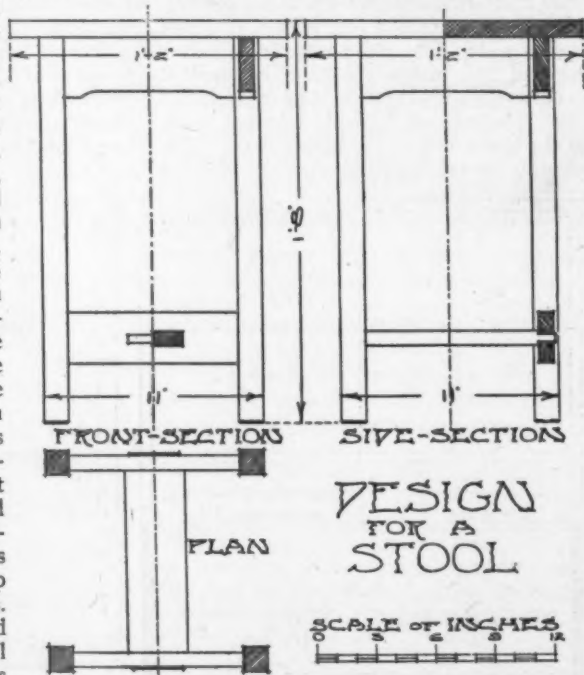


CRAFTSMAN TABOURET.

an artist's studio. Care should be taken in the finishing of this piece of furniture, for if it is not nicely made and the proportions accurately balanced, it would have a tendency to look clumsy. It would, however, be a good piece to practice on, for the construction of it is simple to a degree, and even if the worker were not quite as successful as he had hoped, the stool could still be made useful in a number of purely utilitarian ways. The proportions, as shown here, are 1 foot 8 inches high; top, 1 foot 2 inches square, total width from post to post, 11 inches. The top is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, the posts $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches square, and the connecting rails underneath the top are $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The two lower end rails are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The stretcher that connects these rails is 3 inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The four posts are connected at the top by rails that are fitted with three dowel pins each, thus making the construction extremely firm. The stretcher at the bottom is securely mortised into the two end rails, and fastened by dowel pins. The top is secured to the posts and the top rails with the usual table irons. The posts should be chamfered at the bottom, so that they will not split when the stool is

moved about on the floor, and the corners should be planed slightly so as to remove any objectionable sharpness. A small block plane should be used for this work, and then the corners should be sandpapered. In mortising and cutting holes sometimes the wood will splinter and pieces are apt to break off. If this should happen, or if, after the tenon is inserted, there should still be a crack around the tenon, these defects can be remedied by hammering wedges or small pieces of the same wood in the crack or fissure, and cutting them off with a chisel so that they are flush with the surface of the piece. Then the joints should be glued and the construction made solid.

THE metal work shown this month is intended for dining-room use, and while the designs are quite independent of each other they could, of course, be used in the same room with delightful effect. The gong is by far the most difficult to make, as it combines both metal work and a finer phase of cabinetwork. The frame is made entirely of wood, and there is only one piece of metal, besides the gong itself, used in the construction. The frame from



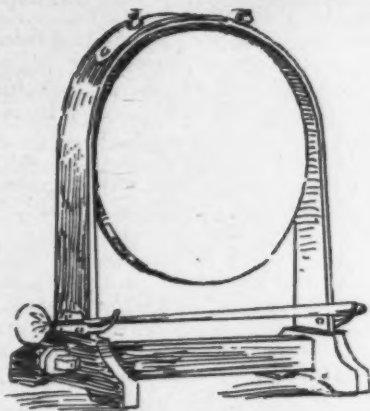
CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

which the gong is suspended stands 8 inches high over all, and is made of either 3- or 4-ply veneer 1-16 of an inch thick. This frame could not be made of one piece of wood, as it would be very apt to split or break while it was being bent into shape. The veneer should be left wide at the bottom of the frame, where it is joined to the feet, and cut to taper toward the top and center. The strips of veneer cut to the proper size should be shaped over a pipe or some other round object the exact size that it is to be when finished, and then the strips should be glued together. If it were glued in the flat strip it would be most



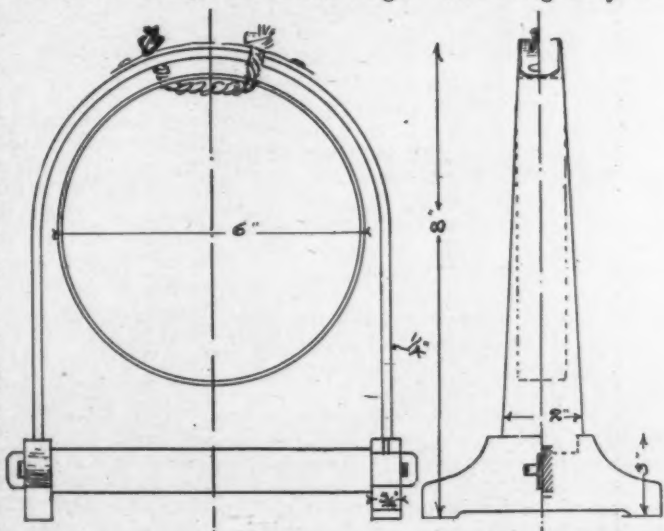
CRUMB KNIFE AND TRAY.

difficult to shape the frame afterward, as the glue would be likely to crack or separate. As the gong in this design measures 6 inches in diameter, the frame should be shaped on some object 7 inches in diameter, as there should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch of space between the gong and the frame. A small piece of metal should be riveted to the top of the frame. Two holes should be drilled through this metal and the wooden frame, and the gong should be suspended by means of a silk cord threaded through these holes and two similar holes in the gong, and the cord knotted at each end. The bottoms of the frame should be mortised into the two feet. These feet should be made of wood 5 inches long, 3 inches high and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. A connecting rail should be mortised through the feet and fastened with dowel pins, thus binding the feet against the shoulder of the rail.



CRAFTSMAN GONG: METAL AND WOOD.

To make the gong, take a sheet of No. 16 gauge copper or brass and cut a disk 8 inches in diameter. Hammer it with a wooden mallet, bending the edges up until it measures only 6 inches in diameter and the proper gong shape is acquired. After shaping, it should be hammered over a mandrel which is held in a vise. Then the edge should be hammered with a flat-faced hammer until the edges are at right angles with the face of the disk. The irregular edges will have to be filed off, for in hammering some parts of the flange or edge will be hammered more than others, and this gives an uneven edge. This irregularity can



WORKING DRAWING FOR CRAFTSMAN GONG.

MAKING HOME FURNISHINGS

either be filed off or clipped with a shears. Next, the whole gong should be hammered with the ball-pein of the hammer, beginning at the center and hammering toward the outer edge as the disk is revolved in the hand.

A more usual design in metal work is illustrated in the crumb tray and scraper. These pieces are interesting to make, however, and are also decidedly useful. The tray measures 8 inches long without the handle, and the handle is about 4 inches long. The scraper is the same length, but is not as wide. When finished the scraper should be perfectly flat, and slightly thinner at the lower edge, like a knife. It should be made of No. 16 gauge metal. The handle is formed by cutting two pieces of No. 20 gauge metal and hammering them out in a rounded form. One piece should be laid on each side of the handle part and the scraper and soldered all the way around the edge. This soldering should be done with a soldering iron. Be sure to apply acid on the inside, so that when the solder is heated it will run in and bind the handles together. The outside should be filed and scraped off so that no solder can be seen. A rivet should be put through the handle near the edge of the scraper.

The tray should be made of No. 20 gauge metal. The lower edge of the tray should be slightly thinned, so that crumbs may be easily scraped onto it, and the raised edges should be left the natural thickness of the metal. To make this tray, cut out a flat piece of metal the same shape as the design given, but about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch larger all around. Then the back and ends should be hammered up and the center part hammered down. When this is done the metal should be trimmed the exact shape as the design. The handle is made in the same manner as the handle of the scraper. When the pieces are shaped all edges should be neatly smoothed with an emery cloth.

We are showing a picture of the edge of the tray to make more plain the slight elevation of the handle. This allows finger room and makes it easier to hold the tray while it is being used on the table.

The kind of metal that would be most interesting to use for a set made from this design would be either copper or brass, which ever would harmonize best with the colors of the rest of the furnishings. Iron would be much too heavy for anything that would be so often handled as this useful set.

MAKING HOME FURNISHINGS

ONE very distinct drawback in regard to cultivating one's instinct for and appreciation of beauty in household fittings here in America is that it is almost impossible to satisfy that appreciation without large wealth, because the majority of the ready-made things to be found in the shops are not intrinsically beautiful. They are either cheap and poor in construction or expensive and elaborate in construction, but the simple, beautiful, well-made piece of furniture or room fitting is as a rule not to be had except when made to order, and then, of course, at a very special price, so that with the present study of right living and a right understanding of the relation of furniture and dress to life many people are in the predicament of knowing good things and wanting them and being utterly unable to have them in their houses.

Here in America we have grown so to depend upon factories that most of us have stage fright at the idea of making anything. Now, as a matter of fact, if each one of us were to use all the time that we waste, not taken from rest or work, but just from idleness, we could have many beautiful things in our homes and have them without any effort which was not for our own good, because the amount of mental and physical work involved in planning and executing house furniture and fittings is extremely beneficial to the average busy man or woman whose activities are largely along the mental plane.

It is absolutely true that the making of a thing, brings not only a real cultivation, but a genuine understanding of the value of that article and an appreciation of the reasons for making it beautiful and for the fullest enjoyment of it that no amount of money expended could possibly attain. Every woman who has come to a realization of what beauty is in house fittings, how it must relate to the house itself, how it must express her own ideas of environment, knows that it is almost impossible to get together just the things that she would like to have in her own house, and yet if she is willing to furnish her house slowly, if she is willing really for the sake of the final beauty of this house to do a good deal of thought and hard work, she can have with very little expenditure of money, rugs and hangings, the colorings of her walls and the fixtures throughout her home practically as she wishes them.

GERMANY AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM

HOW GERMANY HAS SOLVED THE HOUSING PROBLEM

CHEAP commutation rates to all settlements within a reasonable distance of cities, and small two and four-family houses for working people who would otherwise live in tenements, is the German solution of the tenement problem which is puzzling the authorities in all modern cities. This is possible because the people themselves want it. The home-loving German has a rooted objection to herding with hundreds of his kind in one of the large human hives with which we are so familiar in this country, and as a rule he refuses to do it. He prefers the country every time, and, if the nature of his work makes that impossible, he insists on having as much of a home as is possible within city limits.

Dr. Albert Suedekum, the representative of Nuremberg in the German Reichstag and a prominent member of the Social Democrat party, was in New York a short time ago for the purpose of seeing for himself how we handle our municipal problems, especially that of the congestion of population within the heart of the city. The result of his observations was that, in his opinion, they do things much better in the German cities, where public opinion is very clear and well defined regarding the needs of the people, and where the people have a fashion of getting what they want in spite of politics. Over there, the municipalities own the railroads and the street car lines, and,—what is still more to the point,—they also own large tracts of lands on the outskirts of the city which are used for housing the people who prefer country homes. This land is out of the reach of real estate speculators, so that prices are always kept down and it is available for use at any time.

One reason why it is considered so desirable is the cheapness of railroad and trolley commutation rates for workmen. In the vicinity of Berlin it is possible for a workman to live twenty miles out in the country at a weekly cost in fares of only 40 cents; others, who have not so far to go, need allow only 25 cents a week for traveling to and from work. The contrast between this and the commutation rates to points within the same distance of New York struck Dr. Suedekum as a very important factor in our

own congestion problem,—this, and the acquisitive spirit of the ever-active speculator in real estate.

Where it is necessary for the German workman to live in the city, he can do so with health and comfort by becoming a member of one of the coöperative building associations which put up houses for two or four families. Each one of these stands in its own little garden, and about every twenty houses there is left space for a small park or playground. The coöperative society in Berlin, of which Dr. Suedekum is trustee, has built a number of these houses in the same districts formerly occupied by tenements, and the rental, although lower than that asked for much smaller accommodations in the old tenements, is affording a good return on the capital invested. The charge is 460 marks for an apartment with a large kitchen, which is also the living room, two bedrooms, a scullery and a bath, as against the former charge of 500 marks for one room and a kitchen, without any bathroom.

These building associations are greatly helped by their power to command cheap capital through the Workmen's Compulsory Insurance system. The capital of this fund now amounts to over a billion marks, of which 658,000,000 marks has been laid out in the building of workmen's houses. The interest charged on this capital is only two per cent., but an additional one per cent. is paid annually to furnish a sinking fund. The workman may sell his equity in this property at any time, and almost the only restriction placed on him by the building associations, through whom the capital is lent, is that his family shall take in no lodgers. This precaution has acted as a most effective means of preventing congestion. The houses may be built in either city or country, according to the needs of the home-builder, care being taken to keep the cost easily within his means in both cases.

Some German workmen, however, have solved their own problems without joining a building association. For a small yearly sum they rent a bit of ground in a vacant lot, either the whole lot or a portion of one, and raise on it some of the vegetables used on the family table. In some German cities there are many groups of vacant lots planted with orderly rows of vegetables, and perhaps an arbor where the worker may rest.

NOTES: REVIEWS

NOTES

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

THE annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy contained a number of excellent landscapes and portraits. Among the latter were canvases by Cecilia Beaux, John Alexander, Irving Wiles, George DeForest Brush, Robert Henri, Mary Foote, Wilton Lockwood, Lydia Emmet, James Hopkins, Adelaide Chase, Ellen Emmett, Henry Hubbell, Charles Hopkins, Joseph De Camp and Edmund Tarbell. Catharine Carter Critcher also showed a good characteristic portrait called "Eleanor." Ralph Clarkson, a portrait of John Farwell, worthy of mention; Ethel Mars, a clever portrait-study called "A Woman in Blue," that savored strongly of foreign Secession influences. Kathleen McEnery exhibited another, showing this same tendency, called "Colette." L. G. Seyfert sent a good portrait-study, and Margaret Richardson an excellent straightforward portrait of Miss Laura Hills, the miniature painter. Annie Traquair Lang sent a good portrait of Colonel Fearing, and Edward Dufner an excellent one of a gray-haired woman reading.

Miss Beaux's contributions while having—needless to state—her usual strong, fresh treatment, were not examples of her most brilliant style. The "Portrait of a Young Girl" seemed a little hard, but that of Charles Taylor gave the impression of having faithfully recorded the character of the subject. Mary Cassatt's contributions also were scarcely in her best manner. Her "Woman Reading in a Garden" was suggestive of Renoir and the pinks and greens in her "Woman and Child" had an acid tendency. Ellen Emmett's portrait of James Cresswell was excellent, and Mary Foote sent some fine canvases, of which the most striking, perhaps, was that of Mrs. John Carpenter—an exceedingly skilful management of a blue hat and red coat, with well considered "repeat" accents in the book and cup and saucer upon the table. Her portrait of Mrs. Hermann Kobbé also showed a fine and subtle modeling, and the color value of the pink necklace in relation to the peculiar flesh tints of the subject was happily expressed. The head called "The Fish Market Man" by Robert Henri is a brilliant and humorous treatment of a battered individual. The head of a dark-

skinned red-lipped young girl called "Rika" is a vivid sensuous bit of painting.

Wilton Lockwood showed two portraits that have his customary good workmanship. Irving Wiles was represented by two canvases—the crisp freshly painted direct portrait of Mr. Chase's eldest daughter, and a very characteristic study of a young man in tennis flannels. George DeForest Brush's "Olivia" has some of his best soft and subtle workmanship. The delicate modeling, the sensitive treatment of the child's thin downy eyebrows are so fine that one cannot but regret that his brushwork must be quite so hard and tight. It is the result, no doubt, of the Florentine influence upon this painter, and, perhaps, the tone of time will help his effects. But with the positive color in dress and accessories that he elects to use the result seems at present to lose somewhat in the matter of tone and art quality. In another way Sergeant Kendall's brilliant mastery of drawing and modeling causes regret for the excessive sharpness and tininess of his canvases and their consequent lack of atmosphere.

William M. Chase sent a "Girl in Red," a young girl in a red kimono with green touches in the embroidery, holding a green teapot, an example of his usual skill in these decorative portraits, and also a still life of striped bass—a gentle insistence upon his theories. Joseph De Camp sent several portraits with good solid workmanship, one of James Tyson. Edmund Tarbell exhibited one of President Dwight, of Yale, an excellent portrait, which was awarded the Carol Beck medal. His "Girl Reading" is one of his pleasing interior effects. Another called simply "Interior" was an excellent study of tone, color and the contrast of outdoor and indoor atmosphere. Adelaide Cole Chase's portrait of a young girl in black against pale gray was excellent, as was Henry Hubbell's portrait of a woman with a green veil. John Alexander's decorative portrait of a woman was charming as usual. Frank Benson's "The Reader" was one of his delightful studies of a figure in the open. His "Girl Playing Solitaire" was perhaps a little too deliberately mannered. But his "Family Group," a study of boys and girls outdoors, was in his best style with that indescribable and skilful treatment of face and figure in outdoor light, of which he has so wonderfully caught the secret. The dog, so often a pitfall to the painter, was also successful.

Frederick Frieseke's composition "The

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Parrots" was rather raw and flat in effect. Richard Miller, the winner of the gold Temple medal, showed two canvases disclosing good technique and sense of pattern. Fred Green Carpenter's clever café study, "The Vacant Chair," revealed excellent technique and some Parisian mannerisms. Charles Hawthorne sent two canvases, one a portrait study called "Girlhood," of unquestioned cleverness, but with rather deliberately affected mannerisms. May Wilson Preston, known as a brilliant illustrator, sent an interior. Ida Proper sent an interior, "Roses," freshly painted in a modern French manner; Susan Watkins, an especially good study of interior light called "In the Morning Room"—a subject, however, without especial originality. Robert Reid's "Pink Carnation," a decorative portrait, had the charm that his best canvases have, and Alice Beach Winter's "The Little Doll," was a delightful decorative painting of a child in the manner created by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Adolphe Borie's portrait of Walter George Smith was also fine. Murray Bewley's study of a woman reading a letter was exquisite in its delicacy of painting and subtle color management. John Breyfogle sent a rather good composition, principally in whites, blacks and grays, of two tired ballet girls.

Among the landscapes Jonas Lie's vigorous individual work was conspicuous. "The Market Place" was especially noticeable for its strong handling and telling and reserved use of strong color. "The Silent River," a dark canvas, was also beautiful. George Bellows' vigorous, almost brutal studies of the sterner subjects were also worthy of note, especially "Excavation at Night," and "The Palisades," a study of fierce winter blues and cold snow effects. "The Polo Game" seems a trifle extreme to be reckoned as art. Childe Hassam's three canvases did not contribute any element of surprise. But Elizabeth Roberts showed two extremely beautiful sea and shore subjects as eliminative as a Japanese print. Both revealed clear quiet sweeps of water and sand done in a few sure strokes, an indication of small figures, a touch of seaweed, a blue pool of water left on the shore—all said in the fewest words possible. E. Varian Cockcroft displayed a good study of Saint Sulpice on a gray Paris day with a procession of nuns and a nice spot of the green among the neutrals—the light of a *rive gauche* cab. Edward Redfield sent several of his strong

sincere snow subjects. The Jennie Sesnan gold medal was awarded most mysteriously to Joseph Pearson, for a muddy and mannered landscape. Elmer Schofield's "Frosty Morning" was clear and fresh, and Hobart Nichols' landscape, "Flying Shadows," showed a masterly treatment of green grass and blue sky and white clouds. Emil Carlsen's "Ripening Corn" had a delightful bloom of dew and mist. Walter Farndon's "Hillside" was done in a broad clear manner, full of real outdoor color. James Preston's "Canal" was pleasing in its color harmony. Charles Morris Young showed a good fall landscape, and Elmer Schofield, what might be called an "exterior," characteristically American, a house, grounds and barn in early spring sunlight, all most veritable. Francis Murphy's "Rainy Day on the Hills" was expected and charming.

In the sculpture the exhibits seeming especially worthy of mention were Solon Borglum's "Washington of 1753," the bears of F. G. R. Roth and E. W. Deming, Beatrice Fenton's "Portrait-Study," Ernest Keyser's "Wall Fountain," Daisy King's "The Spies," Edith Burroughs' exquisite subtle bust, "A Child." Annetta Saint-Gaudens' "Sketch for a Group," Adele Schulenberg's "Doris," Herman Würth's "The Babe" and Hermon Mac Neil's "Mo-Li."

K. M. R.

GARI MELCHERS' PAINTINGS AT THE MONTROSS GALLERY

GARI Melchers must ever stand the very soul of sincerity in painting, for in his work one finds recorded so many vital indications of his individuality, and the direction as well as the source of its expression. Although Melchers, through his frequent sojourns in Holland, has chosen the Dutch peasant so often as the subject most dear to his sympathies, he has been so determined himself in his painting that he has avoided both the facile technique of the early Dutch masters and that of the later schools. In fact, he seems more nearly allied to the Belgian school, and although such detail as occupied the brush of Lys, or the livelier, more potent one of Alfred Stevens, interests Gari Melchers he avoids both the approach to the Meissonier-like incision and the latitude of the more unrestrained impressionists. In the matter of color Gari Melchers reaches results in an extraordinary manner. There is, when coming before a collection of his pictures

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such as that exhibited in March in the Montross Galleries, a feeling that although this American painter has worked out the problems of light so dear to the study of the Impressionist, his problems have been concerned with the study of somewhat cool light, light that is never gloomy, nevertheless not scorching, or glaring; not even glowing light. He places his pigment where he feels called upon to place it, never with the academic precision of formula.

To the exhibition at the Montross Galleries Melchers contributed three mother-and-child subjects, as delightful as anything there. This winter New York had a veritable art-feast in paintings depicting motherhood. Of these, the Madonna, perhaps, was the loveliest, and emphasized the remarkable way in which Melchers paints eyes,—baby-eyes, mother-eyes, those wistful eyes that haunt one after gazing upon his painting there called "The Communion," and even the green eyes of the extraordinary black, white and yellow cat he has painted in his vigorous, straightforward work called "The Smithy." The place of honor in the exhibition has been given to a great canvas taking up the end of the room, "The Communion." This, without doubt, exhibits Gari Melchers at the stage where Belgian influence, conscious or not, has touched his sympathies; one would class it with the famous "Le Bénédicité" of Charles de Groux, though it is sweeter and lovelier. There is, in this master-work by Melchers the sense of all-pervading holiness, not the holiness that classifies and pigeonholes itself under this creed or that, but a true holiness of spirit as the artist has felt it revealed to him; no painting by Melchers has more potently set forth the fact that he has found it possible to put himself in touch with the inner selves of the people who serve him as subjects, discovering the sweetness or sadness of life that may be theirs. There is no doubt of Gari Melchers' growth, and yet he has not painted a stronger, lovelier, more lasting thing than "The Shepherdess," one of his earlier works (the frontispiece to this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*), a picture filled with the sweet simplicity of the fields, seeking no futile transitory means of conveying it, but symbolizing almost the life of a people in its lovable directness, a picture that makes us proud to number Gari Melchers among our artists.

THE WORK OF THE SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

THE Southern Educational Association, which was organized in July, 1890, planned an important programme for its twenty-first annual session held this winter in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The field of its work has been steadily growing until now it is almost as extensive as that of the National Educational Association. The territory of the Southern organization lies, of course, exclusively in the South and in the District of Columbia. The Association is composed of the following departments: Southern Educational Council, Departments of Higher Education, Secondary Education, Superintendence, Elementary Education, School Boards, Manual and Secondary Industrial Education, Higher Technical Education, Drawing and Art, Physical Education, Libraries, Child Study, Kindergarten, Music, and Woman's Department. The Southern Educational Council has only recently been organized and is composed of thirty of the leading educators of the South. One of the main objects of the Council is to make systematic studies of educational problems and conditions. The results of these investigations are to be published. This year's subject for investigation was School Administration and Supervision.

The meeting held this winter was extremely interesting and significant. Symposiums were held of college and university presidents and professors on college education; of superintendents on supervision of rural schools; of high-school principals and instructors on problems of normal-school education; of State presidents and State chairmen of committees on education; of State federations of women's clubs on the educational work of women's clubs in the South. A most important feature was the meeting of all coöperative committees in connection with each of the departments, for the purpose of making plans for investigations, studies, etc., and for each coming departmental meeting. There were round-table discussions in every department so as to afford the greatest amount of informal discussion and suggestion. A special conference of teachers of agriculture in all grades of schools was also held. An important event was the meeting of presidents, chairmen of committees on education and special delegates of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, for the purpose of organ-

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izing, and for cooperating with the Southern Educational Association in advancing the cause of education in the South.

General Southern and national educational problems were discussed in the general sessions, and technical subjects mainly in the departmental sessions. The subjects for discussion were all exceedingly vital; some of them are: education for civic life; American conceptions of educational efficiency; recent criticism of and proposed changes in the public school curriculum; preparation for life in the public schools; public health and public schools; present movement for moral education; education for the development of Southern rural life; development of industrial education in the South; the work of the Hook-Worm Commission in the South; educational progress and legislation in the South during the year; agricultural education in public schools and colleges; the movement for the improvement of schoolhouses and grounds; the educational work of the women's clubs in the South; education of girls for home life; the movement for the education of adults; influence of the Carnegie Foundation on college education; the standardization of American colleges and universities; recent criticisms of the college; social life of college students; university extension work by State universities; the function of the agricultural college; problems of college administration; development of rural high schools; vocational training in secondary schools; the agricultural high school; the work of corn clubs in the South; development of trade high schools in Europe and America; new problems for normal schools; training of teachers for rural schools; supervision of rural schools; State inspection of elementary schools; school consolidation and taxation; school architecture; school board organization of different cities; the wider use of public schoolhouses; medical inspection in public schools, and the education of abnormal children.

Some of the organizations that met with the Association this year are,—the Southern Society of Philosophy and Psychology; American Peace League; Religious Educational Association; Association for the Improvement of Rural Schoolhouses and Grounds; Southern Educational Press Association and the Tennessee Library Association.

LITHOGRAPHS AND ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

IT is not without interest in the chronicles of the achievements of American artists to note that the South Kensington Museum, London, has acquired by purchase a complete set of the lithographs of Niagara drawn by Joseph Pennell during his last visit to his native country. In this connection one may call attention to the exhibition of etchings by Mr. Pennell of Cities and Buildings, under the auspices of the Museum Association of Newark, New Jersey, in whose gallery some fifty-three impressions from Mr. Pennell's plates were recently shown, these having been lent to the Museum Association through the courtesy of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Company. Of Mr. Pennell's method of work Mr. Keppel has written: "To have seen Mr. Pennell at work etching a plate is a thing to remember. He loves to depict the towering buildings of crowded streets. Most etchers of such subjects would make a preliminary sketch on the spot and afterward toil laboriously over the copper plate in the retirement of their studios; but Mr. Pennell takes a far more direct course, and one which would disconcert almost any other artist. He chooses his place in a crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of passersby or by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and what to me seems an astonishing *tour de force*, he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where he is about to draw some vital line of the picture, each line of it being a 'learned stroke' such as Seymour Haden insisted upon." Mr. Pennell's etchings have been discussed at length in a previous number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*.

THE ALFRED STEVENS EXHIBITION AT THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. ROOMS

MARTIN Birnbaum, to the beautiful little catalogue of the twenty-three works of Alfred Stevens, the great Belgian painter, for the loan exhibition held in March in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Co., contributed an appreciative and sympathetic essay on Stevens as its foreword. "Stevens," says the writer, "believed in the importance of painters who depict

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their own eras and paint what they see. Their contemporaneity gives them an historical as well as an artistic value. 'The masters of the eighteenth century,' said he, 'are especially interesting because they were thoroughly inspired by the manners of their epoch and interpreted them with spirit.' * * * Long before Whistler appeared on the scene Stevens invented symphonies and harmonies in canary yellow, the sky's own blue, mother-of-pearl and delicate rose. In fact the eccentric American, who was his contemporary and admirer, owed a great deal to him. To choose a single picture in the present exhibit, which embodies most of his best qualities, we would point to the figure of the youthful mother, Sarah Bernhardt,—who had been Stevens's pupil,—sitting in the cool shadows of her garden. The perfect unaffected grace, the unusual refinement of the divine Sarah in her delicate rose-blossom crinoline, the expressive hands, the hidden mystery of the wonderful wistful eyes are watching with glowing happiness and maternal solicitude her quaint little boy who is chasing butterflies." As a great exponent of the school of Belgian painting Alfred Stevens's work, from his early days to the hour when Death stayed his hand, deserves study; he never permitted foreign influences to mold the direction of his own genius. His own attitude toward art is embodied in many of his epigrammatic sentences. "It is first of all necessary to be a painter," once wrote he; "no one is wholly an artist who is not a perfect workman." "When your right hand becomes too facile—more facile than the thought that guides it, use the left hand." "Do not put into a picture too many things which attract attention. When everyone speaks at once no one is heard." Indeed, the sayings of Stevens were precursor to Whistler's famous talk, *Ten O'Clock*. This exhibition inaugurated the new Berlin galleries, and other important exhibitions are soon to follow there.

CLAUDE MONET PAINTINGS AT THE DURAND-RUEL GALLERY

PAINTINGS by Claude Monet, covering a period of the work of that master of modern French Impressionism from 1872 to 1906, occupied the Durand-Ruel Galleries through February, where they succeeded the exhibition of paintings by Mary Cassatt. Monet has so strongly influenced many of our younger American painters,—

(not that they have copied his technique, or have sought to imitate his effect in his own manner,—rather they have found inspiration in his painting for their own),—that he ought to be more carefully studied in America. This exhibition afforded an exceptional opportunity for the student of modern painting to review so important a contribution to its evolution as Claude Monet's work here constituted itself. We have it on Maclair's authority that Monet, while experimenting with the problem of light expressed by clear color (the problem that created Impressionism), would, if he were painting haystacks for instance, take out into a field a dozen canvases, paint on each half an hour at a time, change them with the changing direction of the sun's rays, and with atmospheric changes, and finally finish them altogether. When assured of his technique he applied it, during his later period, in other directions, architecture especially attracting him. It will be remembered that he painted no less than seventeen views of the front of the cathedral of Rouen, taken from sunrise to sunset; these were shown in New York some years ago. The fog, mist and smoke effects of London attracted his brush, as paintings in the Durand-Ruel exhibition show, notably the two night effects of London Bridge. There can be no doubt of Monet's absolute sincerity in his art, and his skill and patience have remained unrivaled, as his vision remained unobscured.

ETCHINGS BY D. SHAW MACLAUGHLIN AT KEPPEL'S

FOR the past ten years Donald Shaw MacLaughlin, a young artist of Scottish descent, Canadian born, who has become a naturalized American citizen, has been devoting himself assiduously to the difficult art of etching, and his exhibition of some hundred impressions of his later work, at the Keppel galleries in March show not only his marked advance, but reveal him as one of the foremost etchers, not only of America, but of any country. So far Mr. MacLaughlin has been traveling and working abroad, following the example of many of our etchers, Whistler, Pennell and others, and thus has found his subjects in foreign lands; however, MacLaughlin may, and it is to be hoped he will, find a sympathetic field for his inspiration in American subjects in the not distant future, when he will return to work here. Already he has discovered the hidden beauties of London,

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and as Wedmore says, "It is an American, saturated with Italy, steeped in France, impressed at last by the mountains, who, coming amongst us, has given with such exceptional power his rendering of the unforgettable and characteristic scene that our London river put before him."

AN EXHIBITION OF CITY LANDSCAPES AT THE NEWARK ART GALLERY

A collection of twenty-five paintings, mainly of city scenes and landscapes by the younger school of American artists was exhibited at the Newark Museum Association Gallery in February. The artists represented were William J. Glackens, Jerome Myers, L. C. Vogt, John Sloan, William Ritschel, Sidney Starr, Mary Helen Carlisle, Sophie M. Brannan, George W. Bellows, George Luks, D. Putnam Brinley, Colin Campbell Cooper, Stuart Davis and Paul Cornoyer.

CHARLES HOFFBAUER'S PAINTINGS OF NEW YORK AT KNOEDLER'S

IT is always interesting to note the foreigner's point of view concerning an American city, whether he is a painter, etcher or a writer. In the twenty-five paintings of the present exhibition twenty of them are views of New York, "Taken from the Singer Building" being most true to New York color, although the light effect in "The White Way" is as remarkably well achieved as "New York by Night" is unconvincing. Although his name suggests Teutonic extraction, Charles Hoffbauer is a young Frenchman, winner of the coveted Prix de Rome, with his canvas "Les Gueux" bought by the state. This is significant, when so many of the French Prize-of-Rome men seem never to arrive anywhere after their competitions, while M. Hoffbauer's "Revolt de Flamands," which one may see in the Willstach collection at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, as well as the "Le Triomphe de Condottiere," exhibited in the Salon of 1906, and other later works (more important, one would believe, than this New York series, though not more skilfully painted), go to prove this artist a man of true and progressive ability.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

CHICAGO has strengthened its position as an art center with the organization of the Chicago Society of Etchers, whose object is to encourage the art and practice of etching, to stimulate a public interest in

it and to inaugurate etching exhibitions. The first exhibit, filling two galleries of the Art Institute particularly disclosed an independent strength among its Western contributors, which indicates that the progress of the society will be well worth watching, and marks its organization as a significant step in American art. The jury of selection was rigid in its rejections, notwithstanding which some two hundred works were found to be worthy of a place in this exhibition.

AMERICAN ART IN FRANCE

THE French are to be given an opportunity for a more intimate study of American art as exemplified in the work of our artists of today, who now have a salon of their own in Paris, opened February 16th by the American Ambassador to France. One hundred and fifty works were shown, paintings, water colors, sculpture, etchings and engravings. This American salon is to be an annual affair, and French critics have given high praise to the works in the present exhibition.

NEW EXHIBITIONS FOR THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK

MR. Harry W. Watrous, chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, New York, has announced that for the forthcoming year paintings by American artists shall hold sway in the club exhibition. Moreover, the exhibitions will be assembled in group representations of the different "schools" of American painting. For instance, works by such men of kindred art-expressions as Gardner Symons, Cullen Yates, Paul Dougherty and Emil Carlsen, painters of vigorous landscape and seascape, will form one group; the "tonalists," such as Ballard Williams, Ranger Keith, Bogert, and Blakelock and others, and still again the group represented by J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Bolton Jones, and Charles H. Davis. Mr. Watrous announced that in April the club hopes to arrange for an exhibition of paintings by William Glackens, Everett Shinn, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Robert Henri, George Bellows and other men of the younger school, often called the American "insurgents." The Union League Club is thus to be congratulated in departing from its old policy of such disastrous and meaningless exhibitions as the "Portraits of Actresses," which closed its exhibition season last year with a thud.

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PAINTINGS BY HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY AT THE PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN

TWENTY-SIX examples of the brush of Hermann Dudley Murphy were exhibited in March at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, for the most part paintings that exhibited coast scenes and landscapes delicate in feeling and refined in tonal qualities.

WATER-COLORS BY WINSLOW HOMER AT KNOEDLER'S

AN excellent collection of water-colors by Winslow Homer, well supplementing the Homer Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, was one of the February attractions at Knoedler's. These were, for the most part, painted in Nassau, the Bahamas, in Bermuda, and in Florida, and are all characteristic examples of Winslow Homer's vigorous, brilliant, luminous color.

A GREAT PAINTING BY BENJAMIN WEST ACQUIRED BY THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

IT will be of interest to students of the history of art in America to know that the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh has acquired an exceptionally fine canvas by Benjamin West, the "Venus Lamenting the Death of Adonis," exhibited by West in 1769 at the Royal Academy, and purchased at that time by the Earl of Halifax, in the possession of whose descendants it remained for many years.

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MODELING AND SCULPTURE: BY ALBERT TOFT: HUMAN ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS: BY SIR ALFRED FRIPP AND RALPH THOMPSON

A book cannot make a man an artist—that is a matter depending on the possession of real artistic gifts—but as Albert Toft, Hon. A. R. C. A., M. S. B. S., says in the excellent preface to his book, "Modeling and Sculpture,"—"many difficulties may be surmounted and unnecessary errors avoided if the student be shown at the beginning of his career the right way to go about his work."

This practical treatise of the methods and processes of plastic or glyptic art, of the purely technical knowledge that must necessarily be mastered by whoever desires to produce work of lasting value, will prove to be of great benefit to students who have chosen this art as a profession. It is a book

that not only gives invaluable advice upon the minutiae of the craftsmanship of modeling, but it quickens the student's love of this art and therefore makes him willingly go through the hard work, drudgery, discouragements and disappointments invariably to be met and mastered by all artists.

While emphasizing the importance of gaining technical knowledge, the need of thoroughness, the necessity of hard work, he takes care to impress upon the student the fact that satisfying joy springs from the accomplishing of good work.

Hand in hand with this significant book should go the treatise on "Human Anatomy for Art Students" by Sir Alfred D. Fripp, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to H. M. the King of England and Ralph Thompson, Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, Guy's Hospital. The drawings by Innes Fripp, Life-Master, South London Technical Art School, used as illustrations and the appendix on Comparative Anatomy by Harry Dixon, help materially to make this an exceptionally valuable and interesting text book. Its object is "to give the shortest description of human anatomy compatible with the interests of the artist and essential for his work." It is a successful attempt to rivet the attention of the student upon the structural details of the human body, without an intimate knowledge of which the emotions cannot be portrayed, for emotion is accompanied by definite changes of muscle and attitude of anatomical parts of the body. The labor of mastering the nomenclature of this study usually makes it dull and uninteresting, but the author's manner of presenting the subject has shorn from it any suspicion of dullness. The drawings are especially fine, and eight plates, printed separately on heavy paper, will be much appreciated. With these two books a student would be well equipped to master the technicalities of the sculptor's art. (Both published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Both illustrated. "Modeling and Sculpture," 348 pages. "Human Anatomy for Art Students," 296 pages. Price \$1.75 each.)

OUR HOUSE AND THE PEOPLE IN IT: BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

ONE always turns to a volume by Mrs. Pennell with pleasant anticipation, and "Our House and the People in It" is no exception to the charming entertainment one finds in the perusal of a book from her pen. "Our finding Our House," she writes, "was

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the merest chance. * * * It was all that we could have asked—as simple in architecture, its bricks as time-stained as the courts of the Temple or Gray's Inn. The front door opened into a hall twisted with age, the roof supplanted by carved corbels, the upper part of another door at its far end filled with bull's-eye glass, while three flights of timeworn white stone stairs led to the windows with, behind them, a flat called Chambers, as if we were really in the Temple, and decorated by Adam, as if to bring Our House into harmony with the younger houses around it. For Our House it became on that very day, now years ago. Our House it has been ever since." To this house came Whistler, Phil May, Henly, Stevenson, Aubrey Beardsley, Harold Frederick and hundreds of other famous writers and artists who have passed to the Great Beyond. These figure in the delightful pages of Mrs. Pennell's book, whose ten chapters, however, such as *'Enrietter, Our Charwoman* and *The New Housekeeper* form an entertaining record of the motley array of humanity with whom the London housewife comes in contact through her experiences with the servants under her roof. The concluding chapter, *The Quarter*, is a highly entertaining account of the quarter of London where the Pennells live and of their neighbors in it, with, now and then a deliciously subtle thrust. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 373 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

OLD PEOPLE: BY HARRIET E. PAINE

THIS is a posthumous volume of lovable essays of unusual charm, suggesting the fragrance of old lavender. The first of these is *Greeting Old Age*; "To most of us," the author wrote, "even to those of us who have loved variety in early life, quiet is most attractive in old age. It seems as if we had a right to a resting place between the active life and the new life awaiting us. Browning says:

'And I shall thereupon
Take rest ere I be gone
Again on my adventure strange and new.'"

In *Relations of the Old and the Young* and also in *After Fourscore* one finds some of the loveliest reflections. The closing essay, *Sunset*, is redolent with gentle optimism. This book cannot but recall the reader to some of the nobler ideals in a form of literature, we have of late, been somewhat

neglectful of. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 256 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF PARIS: BY CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

THERE are two classes of people," writes the author of this book in his opening chapter, "who come to Paris,—those to whom, though they may be familiar with every monument, have wandered in every quarter, have crossed the Place de la Concorde daily for twenty years, Paris never means more than the sum of its thousand interests; and those who feel within themselves the overpowering, constantly increasing sense of the great city's personality. To the former Paris gives no heed, but in the hearts of the latter she is always writing her book," and Mr. Washburn's book and the drawings and etchings by Lester G. Hornby that illustrate it, have been inspired by the rapturous devotion both author and artist pay to the French capital. The closing chapter concerns itself with the writer's visit to Anatole France (Anatole Thibaut), the author of *"Thais,"* a bit of personal biography that might perhaps, better have been substituted by some less glorifying chapter. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 277 pages. Illustrated. Price \$3.00 net.)

ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING: BY ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

PEOPLE who are looking for a country home and anticipating the exercise of their inventive faculties in making it all that their hearts desire, will find much that is helpful and inspiring in this book. It is well that the authors did not place the photograph of the house that they bought beside that of the house they have at present, for if the evolutionary steps were not carefully depicted and explained in the text, the reader would hardly believe such a transformation possible. The illustrations are clear and full of detail, and the text sets forth in an amusing and realistic fashion the alternate luck and misfortune that the industrious pair experienced. The history of the Shackletons' house cannot fail to inspire and encourage all those who feel the deeper charm of a home that is the tangible expression of the owner's plans and ideals. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 350 pages. Price \$1.75; postage 20c.)

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CONCRETE WORKERS' REFERENCE BOOKS: BY A. A. HOUGHTON

MANY business and professional men find their relaxation in manual labor. The same instinct that prompts the school-boy to spend the hours outside his books in whittling a pine stick into a boat, makes the brain-weary, but preëminently energetic man fit up a work bench and turn to making furniture or to tinkering with machinery. Sometimes the relaxation and pleasure in this work comes as a surprise to the man himself and acts as a spur to more ambitious achievement. It is particularly to men who are interested in building that A. A. Houghton's series of booklets on concrete work will appeal. Concrete is continually increasing in favor as a building material and is no more difficult to handle than the more familiar wood. The first two booklets, now in print, discuss the simplest methods of constructing concrete walls, sidewalks and floorings. They cover the subjects admirably and are most inspiring to the amateur builder. (Published by the Norman W. Henley Company, New York. Illustrated. 63 pages and bibliography. Price 50c.)

OUR VILLAGE: BY MISS MITFORD

A most beautiful new edition of Mary Russell Mitford's book, with a preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has just been brought out, which will prove of interest to new readers as well as the staunch admirers of this writer. Miss Mitford was one of the most interesting of the "literary ladies" of the eighteenth century, and though Mrs. Gaskell and Jane Austen are perhaps more widely known today, Miss Mitford has always her loyal readers, who will perhaps value most the new setting of the story of the little village that the author loved and wrote about almost a century and a quarter ago. The book is delightfully illustrated with line drawings by Hugh Thomson and with color plates made from paintings of rural England by Alfred Rawlings. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 256 pages. Price \$3.50 net.)

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY: BY EDWARD HUTTON

A new book by the author of "Country Walks about Florence" will need to commendation to those who have read and enjoyed the earlier volume. This story of

Sienna and its environs does not fall short of Mr. Hutton's usual standard, either in interest or value, and is besides, delightfully easy reading. It contains gossip bits of biography and anecdote about the many famous men of the period of Sienna's power, and beyond that is an efficient guidebook over the territory and among the frescoes and pictures that are concealed from the casual tourist, like so many gems, in the moldering churches of the little Tuscany towns. The book is illustrated with sixteen color plates and twelve sketches in black and white. (Published by The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 360 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING: BY R. C. WITT

MR. Witt approaches the *raison d'être* of his book in four pages, which might have courted brevity without harm. The choice of the pictures giving rise to his title depend on a consideration of the "general consensus of educated opinion" as to what works were masterpieces of painting. This book contains interesting data about each of the hundred pictures reproduced, but beyond that there does not seem to be a broad enough purpose behind it to make it a volume other than one for occasional reference. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 194 pages. Price \$4.00 net; postage 20c.)

HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS: BY IDABELLE MCGLAUFLIN

THE writer of this tentative course in needlework, basketry, designing, paper and cardboard construction, textile fibers and fabrics and home decorations and care is supervisor of the girls' handiwork in the Denver public schools. Miss McGlauflin's book is mainly intended for school work directed by the teacher or for home recreative instruction under capable guidance. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated. 122 pages. Price \$1.00.)

GREEK AND ROMAN METHODS OF PAINTING: BY A. P. LAURIE, M. A.

DR. Laurie's book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the methods employed by the ancients in wall and panel painting. Pliny and Vitruvius have been the ancient authorities to whom modern scholars have resorted for data,

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and this data, under the constructive discrimination of Dr. Laurie, is now made easily accessible to the student, who will find much valuable matter in the author's comments. Even the layman, interested in the history of painting, will find Dr. Laurie's book invaluable as an accessory to an appreciation of the evolution of the art of painting. (Published by The University Press, Cambridge and New York. Illustrated. 124 pages. Price 75c. net.)

MEXICO, THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTH: BY W. E. CARSON

THERE will be found in this entertaining and instructive book a concise account of its author's wanderings in Mexico, a description of the Mexican capital and other old cities, of the great *haciendas*, of the gold and silver mines, of some quaint health resorts, and of the author's experiences in mountain climbing, tarpon fishing and ranching. Mr. Carson's book thus presents an entertaining and informative pen-picture of the land of his travels—a book that is adequately illustrated by many excellent half-tone reproductions of the country and the people. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 439 pages. Price \$2.25 net.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO AGRICULTURE: BY A. A. UPHAM

STUDENTS of agriculture in schools would be apt to find this little text-book more useful than the farmer would, for the knowledge it imparts is mostly that already possessed by any intelligent, experienced cultivator of the soil. As a text-book, though, it would be of much use to one who is learning the rudiments of agriculture, especially if he takes it for what it is, a mere introduction to the more extended study of the science. Learned in a school, it would not do much good, but taken as an accessory to practical experience gained by work on a farm, the lessons it contains ought to furnish the answer to many a question, as well as the inspiration to further investigation of the subject. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 270 pages. Price 75c. net.)

HANDWORK IN WOOD: BY WILLIAM NOYES, M. A.

THE author of this book is widely known in the circles of industrial education through his work as Assistant Professor in the Department of Industrial

Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University. His book is intended primarily for teachers of woodwork, but professional and amateur woodworkers will find much in its pages of value and of interest to them. It is copiously and helpfully illustrated, and practically suggestive at every turn. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated. 231 pages. Price \$2.00.)

HANDICRAFTS IN THE HOME: BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

THE author explains that this book is not intended to take the place or lessen the need of a thorough training in design and craftsmanship, such as is obtainable at the art schools, but that she hopes it may gain recruits from those who know not the joy of fashioning with their hands objects of usefulness which are also things of beauty. The author has endeavored to show how certain crafts may be done quietly in the home by mother or daughter, in town or country, as a relaxation, and to drive away the dreariness that comes from a lack of congenial occupations, or as a means of earning money. The chapters deal with a great variety of subjects, metal work, pottery making, stenciling, leather work, weaving, beadwork, quilting, etc., and are well illustrated. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Illustrated. 228 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

NEW FACES: BY MYRA KELLY

A group of eight short stories by the late Myra Kelly are here published in book form. Most of them are familiar to those who have followed the work of this charming writer, for all have appeared in magazines. They are pleasant tales, full of interest and humor, but they lack the strong individual charm of Miss Kelly's stories of the East Side, and the experiences of *Constance Bailey*, that gentlest of teachers, with the quaint little aliens given into her charge to be taught how to become American citizens. There are only two stories of child life in this book,—the others are all about grown-ups who have a capacity for getting themselves into farcical scrapes,—and these two are far and away the best. (Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. Illustrated. 278 pages. Price \$1.50.)

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THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL: BY HELEN KELLER

THIS is a remarkable song, sung in an unusual manner and one destined to haunt the memory of whoever reads it. The author says that a stone wall is "a chronicle of praying workmen" and she reads with sensitive fingers this "scroll of stone," setting down in blank verse the tale "of the men who built the walls, and of the God who made the stones and the workers."

It is touchingly dedicated to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, contains eight full-page reproductions of photographs of the author, and is beautifully decorated and printed on heavy paper. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 100 pages. Price \$1.20 net, postage, 8c.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE

THE advances made in Shakespearean scholarship within the last half-dozen years seem to justify the writing of another manual for school and college use." This quotation from the preface of this book by H. N. McCracken, F. E. Pierce and W. H. Durham, of the Department of English literature in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University explains the presenting to students of another book on the life and writings of Shakespeare. Critical comments on individual plays form part of this scholarly treatise. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 222 pages. Price 90c.)

PHOTOGRAPHING IN OLD ENGLAND: BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

THIS book is a collection of letters published in *The Photographic Times* during the summer of 1909. Although the author says that the letters were "written without literary pretense," and that the pictures are "merely what are rather aptly called snapshots and are not put out as examples of excellence in photography," the text is well worth reading and the pictures well worth seeing, and the book also contains much advice that those who contemplate taking a camera abroad will be glad to obtain. (Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. Illustrated. 112 pages. Price \$2.50.)

OUR LADY IN ART: BY MRS. HENRY JENNER

THIS is a book dealing with the ever-inspiring Madonna, and is a carefully prepared summary of Our Lady's life as re-

corded by Art. It is the second of Mrs. Jenner's books issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. in the "Little Books on Art" series, and is written with the same accuracy and in the same reverential spirit prominent in her "Christian Symbolism." The subject is treated from the theological and devotional standpoint as well as from the historical and biographical. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Illustrated. 204 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE MAN-MADE WORLD: BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

WHAT effect upon civilization is to be expected from the equality of womanhood in the human race? What will men lose by it? What will they gain? Mrs. Gilman has presented in this work the results of her thought, study and observation of the much debated question of the relation of man to woman and of woman to man. Starting from the premise that "the female is the race type and the male, originally, but a sex type," the subject is developed with much wise argument and a wholesome sense of humor. (Published by the Charlton Co., New York. 260 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE REMINISCENCES OF ROSA BONHEUR: BY THEODORE STANTON

THE lover of biography is offered an unusual treat in this book,—which is a compilation of letters from and to the artist and quotations concerning her taken from letters of her friends, interspersed with brief comments by the author. Relating to a personality as forceful as Rosa Bonheur's, every fragment of information is of fascinating interest, and Mr. Stanton has succeeded in culling the most significant. The book is illustrated with copies of this famous painter's masterpieces, and numerous sketches of and by her. (Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. Illustrated. 412 pages. Price \$3.00 net.)

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN: BY JOHN A. GADE

IN the last dozen years many English books on Spain have appeared. They have dealt with this subject from the point of view of the artist or the historian, the archæologist, the politician, or the mere sightseer. The student of the history of architecture, especially that architecture which produced the early Mission styles in America, or the traveler desiring a more in-

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timate or serious knowledge of the great cathedrals, has had nothing to consult since Street published his remarkable book some forty years ago. There have been, one recalls, artistic impressions, as well as guide-book recitations by the score, but it has remained for John A. Gade, author of "Cathedrals of Spain" to present an authoritative work on the subject in general. In the present volume Mr. Gade, who is a practicing architect in New York, has given the results of a recent close and enthusiastic study of the cathedrals of Avila, Burgos, Salamanca, Leon, Toledo, Segovia, Seville and Granada. These type-cathedrals cover nearly all periods of Gothic art, as interpreted in Spain, as well as the earlier Romanesque and succeeding Renaissance, with which, there, the Gothic was mingled. Mr. Gade is master of an admirable and vivid style that can present details without dryness and invest every page with warmth and color. His book is something more than architectural and æsthetic criticism. "It has seemed to me," he writes in his preface, "that certain buildings, and especially cathedrals, cannot be properly studied quite apart from what surrounds them, or from their past history." With this point in view he has enlighteningly sketched the traditions of the city which created its cathedral, and the civic temperament and ideals surrounding its local historic evolution. Thus the book cannot fail also to interest the layman. Not the least notable feature of Mr. Gade's volume is a series of remarkable photographs of the cathedrals and of characteristic details admirably reproduced. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 279 pages. Illustrated. Price \$5.00 net.)

MY VOICE AND I: BY CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS

AN unusual book on voice culture has been written by Mrs. Rogers, well known to concert goers as "Clara Doria," and an authority on musical theory as well as a singer. She draws attention to certain radical errors in the education of singers that have ruined many a good voice through the attempts made to train it by false and artificial systems which have become conventional. Mrs. Rogers has been convinced by the experience of her own career that these systems result in the gradual killing out of all true artistic impulse. Therefore, she urges a more natural method which depends chiefly upon the intelligence of a

singer regarding his own tone production as well as the general theory of his art. While she does not minimize the necessity of thorough technique. Mrs. Rogers is inclined to put the chief emphasis upon the cultivation of both intelligence and temperament as being more necessary to true vocal art than the ultra-scientific methods of voice culture. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 265 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

HEARTS AND CORONETS: BY ALICE WILSON FOX

MOTHERS who are looking for a pleasant, wholesome story for their young daughters to read would find just what they want in this charming tale of English life. It is all about young people—jolly, well-bred boys and girls such as abound in the country homes of England, and the book gives an unusually truthful picture of life among the youngsters in a great English country house. Most of them are the children of an earl, but one young girl is a frequent guest. She is an orphan, and very unhappy in her home surroundings, but it finally transpires that she is the real heiress to the title and the fortune of her friends, and then, of course, there is nothing for her to do but marry the eldest son of the dispossessed family and go on with the gay, healthy life they had all been living. A very mild little romance, but so prettily told that it will delight the heart and give form to the dreams of many a school girl on both sides of the water. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 349 pages. Price \$1.50.)

ITALIAN FANTASIES: BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

ALTHOUGH the author of this book, a work of cultured reflection and forceful presentment of phases of Italian life, has chosen to call his volume "Italian Fantasies," it must not be assumed that there is anything fantastic about it. On the contrary, it is not only entertaining but illuminating, especially Mr. Zangwill's essays on the *Risorgimento*—the reorganization of the Italian states into an united Italy. The traveler who knows Italy only in her halcyon season will appreciate Mr. Zangwill's chapter on *Icy Italy*, which vividly portrays the disagreeable condition of the northern part of the peninsula in winter time. One could well afford to make many of the travel books on Italy step aside for this volume. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 408 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

INSURANCE AND THE HOME-MAKER

INSURANCE: WHAT IT SHOULD MEAN TO THE HOME-MAKER AND WHY IT IS A MATTER OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE

THERE is something significant in the fact that it is not a sense of security that impels home-builders to think insurance is a matter about which they need not concern themselves, for statistics and observations seem to prove conclusively that those buildings least immune to the possibility of accidental destruction are most often to be found in the class of uninsured properties. Therefore, one may only conclude that carelessness and neglect alone are responsible for the indifference with which too many home-makers still regard insurance of any sort. There are, of course, a few peculiarly constituted persons who feel that the payment of a small premium annually to insure against possible loss is like throwing money away on something they are not sure of, as though the *loss* were a thing to be bought or desired, and the *surety* against it a secondary matter; yet these very persons are the ones who cry most loudly when fate overtakes them with misfortunes their own short-sightedness leaves them without reimbursement for.

Indeed the only sensible attitude to assume toward any of life's possible future calamities is to *hope* they will not occur, but to be ready to meet them if they do. The man who has never slipped on an icy sidewalk, been thrown from his horse, or suffered personal injury at all may feel that he is immune from accident, a sort of favored being among his less fortunate fellows; therefore, he may deem it not worth his while to pay ten or twelve dollars out of his yearly earnings to insure himself against accident, *until* the unhappy day chances to come around when he finds himself disabled, if only temporarily. How much better for him to have provided against that rainy day, which, if he has taken the trouble to insure himself, will find him tided over with a stated sum per week during the period of his inability. As for life insurance that is a matter which surely every man who has a responsibility in life owes to those who are dependent upon him to provide.

A man may tell you his grandfather and his great-grandfather got along very well without it, and for that reason he guesses he can. Not only is this poor logic, but it is no logic at all. This will be seen when

we take into consideration the vast changes in the physical aspects of the civilization of the present era.

With our travel, railway and street car, our tremendous building enterprises, our necessity for being in crowded, often in dangerous places, all these things make living actually more hazardous than it could have been ten years ago. Therefore, civilization, for imposing all this upon mankind has devised a palliating benefit in the form of insurance against any of the misfortunes our way of living and of having to live imposes upon our helplessness.

Moreover, *insurance* is an invitation to *thrift* and not a *gamble*. A man does not hire a watchman to guard his premises and pay him so much every so often because he hopes someone will break *into* the premises and damage it, he pays his watchman to guard it as a further measure toward insuring against any such misfortune. So, likewise, a man decides to insure his house, his person or his life, not because he hopes to meet with untimely misfortune, but that his personal sense of security may be strengthened through the knowledge that if anything *should* happen he would not be caught unprepared, in a measure, to meet it.

What is more pathetically heartrending than to find the home one has sought by sacrifices through all the years to build, suddenly consumed by flames, leaving nothing behind it but ashes to represent itself to us. Of course, all the money in the world could hardly replace, sentimentally, a home we have loved, and have watched built under our loving care; yet to find it all gone, and nothing left us wherewith to build anew is, indeed, pathos itself. And yet the home-builder who overlooks insurance may expect to find himself in just such a predicament, for catastrophes seldom carry bells of warning on their rounds.

Even one's household goods, furniture, or apparel, or books, ought never to be trusted to uncertain fortune without insuring against the possibility of their loss, even where we may be living in apartments, our houses that seem adamant in their fireproof construction. A match carelessly dropped may completely wipe out by flames the interior of a building that still stands "fireproof," and it ought not to be necessary to have a personal experience of fire to lead one to acknowledging the wisdom of forethought in this as well as in other matters affecting the economy of the home.



See page 236.

SAMUEL CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN): FROM
A PENCIL SKETCH BY F. SOULE CAMPBELL